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MAR-VEL-US



MAR-VEL-US

Velma Patterson Lawrence

To my daughters

Margaret Patterson Lawrence Weir

Dorothy Lawrence Lichtwardt

April 19, 1980

Introduction

We named our little house MAR-VEL-US and I'm using this name as the title of this writing, for it not only describes the view from our picture windows but also gives my philosophy of life and of God's creation of man and the universe.

When we finished our house Mark and I decided it should have a name. I told him to choose a name and I would also suggest one. Strangely when we revealed our names we had selected the same one. The word Mar-Vel-Us is a combination of Mark, Velma, and us. We felt that the name was fitting and right for our dream house.

Recently my Margaret gave me a little motto to be done in cross-stitch and this motto I would like to adopt for our clan. It goes like this:

"Our family is a circle of strength and love.
With every birth and every union, the circle grows.
Every joy shared adds more love.
Every crisis faced together makes the circle stronger."

With an apology to all ministers, I would like to choose a scripture lesson and a text. The scripture is Psalm 118 from The New English Bible. The text will be the 24th and 25th verses.

"It is good to give thanks to the Lord,
for his love endures for ever.
Declare it, house of Israel:
his love endures for ever.
Declare it, house of Aaron:
his love endures for ever.
Declare it, you that fear the Lord:
his love endures for ever.
When in my distress I called to the Lord,
his answer was to set me free.
The Lord is on my side, I have no fear;
what can man do to me?"

The Lord is on my side, he is my helper,
and I shall gloat over my enemies.
It is better to find refuge in the Lord
than to trust in men.
It is better to find refuge in the Lord
than to trust in princes.
All nations surround me,
but in the Lord's name I will drive them away.
They surround me on this side and on that,
but in the Lord's name I will drive them away.
They surround me like bees at the honey;
they attack me, as fire attacks brushwood,
but in the Lord's name I will drive them away.
They thrust hard against me so that I nearly fall;
but the Lord has helped me.
The Lord is my refuge and defense,
and he has become my deliverer.
Hark! Shouts of deliverance
in the camp of the victors!
With his right hand the Lord does mighty deeds,
the right hand of the Lord raises up.
I shall not die but live
to proclaim the works of the Lord.
The Lord did indeed chasten me,
but he did not surrender me to Death.
Open to me the gates of victory;
I will enter by them and praise the Lord.
This is the gate of the Lord;
the victors shall make their entry through it.
I will praise thee, for thou hast answered me
and hast become my deliverer.
The stone which the builders rejected
has become the chief corner-stone.
This is the Lord's doing;
it is marvelous in our eyes.
This is the day on which the Lord has acted:
let us exult and rejoice in it.
We pray thee, O Lord, deliver us;
we pray thee, O Lord, send us prosperity.
Blessed in the name of the Lord are all who come;
we bless you from the house of the Lord.
The Lord is God; he has given light to us,
the ordered line of pilgrims by the horns of the altar.
Thou art my God and I will praise thee;
my God, I will exalt thee.
It is good to give thanks to the Lord,
for his love endures for ever."

MAR-VEL-US

It began with a dimple, not a darling dimple in a chin or a cheek but a dimple in my right breast. A dimple -- where had I heard about a dimple in a breast? Then I remembered reading about it in a leaflet which I had read from time to time for twenty years or more. Harold, my very careful young doctor brother, had given the women in the family this leaflet with the instruction to check our breasts periodically. After a restless night or two, I checked with my doctor who sent me to another doctor for a biopsy. When I awoke the breast was gone and I was told that there was node involvement and I was to undergo chemo-therapy for a year.

It took this experience to prove to me that life was indeed sweet to me and that I did want to live. Just nine months prior to the discovery of the dimple, in a devastating moment Mark was gone. After forty-eight years of life together he was gone and I was numb, not really caring if I lived or died. I accepted each new day without bitterness, anger, or guilt but with no zest for living. I could not find motive or purpose for going on. One dull day followed another. I went through the routine of living in an automatic way. I was jarred awake after the prognosis of the cancer by the deep concern and care of my precious Peggy and Dotty, now grown to Margaret and Dorothy and mature married women, but still my little girls who said that they could not bear to lose father and mother in so short a time, and that truly I was needed for them to function in life. Other ties of love were expressed by grandchildren, brothers and sisters, and dear friends whom we had made through the years. Gradually I came to feel that I was needed and perhaps still had a task to do in

the world.

II

In 1970 Mark was planning to retire from forty-two years in the itinerant ministry in the United Methodist Church. Some young women in our church asked me to review some of the early years as the wife of a minister. And so I wrote a short paper on some of the early years. These young women at Front Street United Methodist Church in Burlington, North Carolina, were enthralled with what I had to say. Other groups in the church heard of the talk and before we moved away I had given the talk three times. All suggested that experiences such as we had had should be preserved as interesting Methodist history. Earlier one day in a conversation with our grandchildren, I referred to the "horse and buggy days". Debbie replied, "Grandmother, what is a horse and buggy?" And so the content of a future booklet was suggested. It also suggested the need to describe "the olden days" for the sake of the children of this generation.

I was an introvert as a child and took my shyness out in reading and day-dreaming and always felt that I might like to be a writer. Doesn't everyone feel at some time that he can write a book? But the book was not written. In fact, I gave up on the idea, for there never seemed to be the time or the will or the ability. But the urge or almost compulsion has been surfacing in recent years. Especially now, since Thanksgiving, when I found the chemo-therapy had left at least one malignant node. I had to face the fact that my time might be limited and that what I planned to do I must get on with. If this does turn into a book, it will be a composite, a little bit of this and that, some gleanings from experience, some anecdotes, some family history, some philosophy, but whatever it turns out to be I want it to be completely honest. Perhaps in this day of freedom, each person should have the right to write at least one

little book and make his witness. This will be written for the interest of the family and with no expectation of publication.

During the last eighteen months I have learned much. I have found that it is easier to face a dreaded reality than to wait anxiously through long hours for the results of an examination. I actually felt a sense of relief when the doctor called to say that that last node was malignant and that I would be facing cobalt treatments. I think doctors should share their findings with their patients at the first possible moment and not have them wait for hours. At this writing I have had eleven ray treatments with fourteen more to go. I share the bright hope with my family and friends and my doctors that this time there will be an end to the malignant cells.

In 1969 Mark and I visited Dotty in Washington, D.C., and we went for a visit to the Kennedy graves. At that time the streets of the city were filled with looters and rioters, but from our position in Arlington we could look upon the city and see it in all its beauty and in a proper perspective without the turmoil of the streets below. I am now looking back from a time perspective of seventy-three years and am trying to evaluate my experiences of at least fifty-eight of these years. There are memories that bless and burn. Someone has said that memory is a mental bank account. There we place deposits of treasures of our minds so that we can withdraw hope, faith, and courage in time of need. Indeed I am a mental millionaire.

In looking back across the years certain truths seem to stand out and now there seems to have been a pattern to my life. I have learned much through disappointments and hardships. I find that in facing hard times with the help of God my faith has grown. It cannot be explained but help does come when we completely "let go and let God". I have had some disappointments and hurts -- enough to strengthen me, but the long look shows me much more happiness than

sadness. I have found that these words are true, "All things work together for good to those who love the Lord".

When I meditate upon my early life I think that, even as a young girl, God was grooming me for the life that was ahead. I learned early what is meant by the presence of God - though even now I cannot understand how it happens. As a girl of fifteen I lost my father in a tragic way. I felt desolate and crushed. I remember clearly even today going into my bedroom and kneeling beside my bed to ask God for help. And I remember so vividly that I felt a strange sense of peace and strength well up within me and I knew that I would be able to face the fact that my father was gone. I felt that my mother and her seven children could manage somehow without my father. Even this sad experience was working out for good in my life, for since that day I have been able to face other difficulties and have also been able to relate to others in times of grief and to assure them that God is an ever present help and comfort in time of trouble. The Comforter comes not to make us comfortable but so that we can be a comfort to others. Another time I went into the shadow of death myself and lost a much-longed-for little son. When I committed myself into God's keeping I felt a peace and calm and was not afraid.

Another time that I recall feeling the presence of God was in a most unexpected place. It was in a biology laboratory and the first time that I had looked through a microscópe at a bit of algae to see it in its beauty and symmetry. I realized then that even the invisible cells were a part of God's creation and had a place in His plan.

The supreme test of feeling God's presence was when I lost Mark. In the morning we went apple-picking which we had come to love to do and it became one of our fall's projects. We were planning to cut the apples that afternoon to prepare them for making cider the next day. After resting awhile after lunch,

Mark went on ahead to the basement to get the cider press in place and called to me to bring the knives for cutting the apples. Those were his last words to me, for in a few minutes he lost consciousness and was pronounced dead soon after arrival at the hospital. Neill and Pearl, my brother and his wife, were with me all through this awful time but more importantly, God was with me. He came then without any apparent effort on my part. I was able to do what needed to be done and I have faced each day as it came. I will not deny that I have been lonely and sad at times but I have never felt bitterness, anger, or guilt. I have come to know that acceptance is the way to face what happens and to take each new day as it comes with courage and hope.

III

When I was a young woman dreaming of the man I should one day marry I made the statement that I would never marry a preacher. I had gone to Buies Creek Academy for my two last years in high school. This was a Baptist School and there were many young men there preparing themselves for the ministry. For the most part these men were serious with no fun about them and, as some put it, "holy-mouthed". Though I grew up in a devout Christian home and was trained in a Southern Baptist Church and was a professing Christian myself, I did not like a display of piousness and these boys made the idea of being a minister's wife unattractive to me. But do you know what I did? I married a preacher. I married the most handsome, most fun-loving, brilliant, and dedicated man you can imagine. I've never understood how he could have chosen me but I quote from his diary, "In the fall of 1925 at Stedman I met Velma Patterson whom I loved at first sight, and continued to visit in her home, until we became engaged August 29, 1927. We were married August 1, 1928".

But I was talking about being groomed for my future life. I mentioned

the belief in the presence of God in my life. Another peculiar way in which I was trained was evidenced by the shape my life took. I've already said I became a preacher's wife. He was a Methodist preacher but my training was in a small Southern Baptist church, at Buies Creek Academy, and at Meredith College. I want to say that I am grateful to my parents, ministers, and teachers for the training that I received but some might question how a restricted southern background could equip one for a liberal Methodist ministry. I learned loyalty, moral principles, a love for the Bible and its teachings. Though the Baptists whom I knew fifty or more years ago were strict on church policy such as baptism and closed communion, I owe much to them. I've sometimes wondered since becoming a Methodist if we, as a church, are so eager to gain new members that we become so broad that we have stretched until we are thin. Mark loved to relate that there was one lesson that I did not learn well. When we were stationed at Maysville we had many people who preferred immersion to the usual Methodist way of baptism. Again we tried to please and Mark told them he would be glad to immerse them. Since I had been immersed and he had not even seen an immersion he asked me to tell him what to do. I told him as much as I could remember but forgot to tell him to place a handkerchief over their noses as he lowered them into the water. He lowered them but all came up coughing water.

My father had instilled in me the idea that I was to be a music teacher. Before I was six years of age a piano was bought and a music teacher came to live with us. And so I was given piano lessons at a very early age and continued through high school. All my brothers and sisters were exposed to lessons but none of us became musicians. During the early decades of the twentieth century women had little choice of a profession. Teaching and nursing were among the few choices, and being a music teacher seemed to my father a

bit more genteel than being a regular teacher. When I entered Meredith College the year after my father died, I still thought I must be a music teacher, though by this time I began to suspect that I was not talented musically. I had difficulty memorizing and I had no ear for music at all. Recitals made a wreck of me. But I still thought I must be a music teacher. At this point some might say the Lord stepped in to direct me in another way. The summer after my freshman year at Meredith, I fell from Mabel, our family horse, and broke my right arm at the elbow. This meant that piano was out for several months and I had to change my major in college. In retrospect I see that I did learn enough piano to play the small organs and pianos in our early churches when the regular pianists could not be present. Some of the early churches had no one who could play at all and I could serve. I even gave a little girl piano lessons in Mann's Harbour the summer that we were married and so I did become a piano teacher after all. I remember that in one of the small churches there was an old parlor organ which the mice had abused and left only one pedal. I had to pump for dear life to get any sound at all.

I changed my major to home economics and continued that my sophomore year only to discover the college did not provide the proper practice house to offer a professional degree and I had to change my major again in my junior year. It seems that my life has been full of changes and adjustments. But one learns a lot from them. This time I went into general science and have been thankful that I had the privilege of courses in chemistry, botany, physics, astronomy, and geology. The study of science has only increased and strengthened my faith and belief in a God who created an orderly, meaningful, and dependable universe. The year in home economics was not wasted, for I had courses in household management, sewing, and cookery, all of which have been of untold value in equipping me to stretch a small salary into a good living. I learned to

budget and we always managed to live on Mark's salary, whether large or small. We were to go through a depression soon after our marriage in 1928 and we were as poor as church mice. In fact we were church mice.

I received my degree from Meredith College in June 1925, and in September of that year went to teach in the high school at Angier, North Carolina. I was just past twenty years of age and some of the boys whom I taught were almost as old as I was. I was too easy going and my inability to handle discipline was a constant irritation to me. That year I learned a lot from my mistakes. The next year I had an offer of a more desirable position in the Garner High School and teaching was more rewarding. In the meantime I had met Mark in December of the previous year and life took on new meaning. I taught in Garner for two years.

In December of 1925 I went for a weekend visit with a friend, Gladys Cur-
rin, who was teaching in Stedman, North Carolina. This was a turning point in my life. Many teachers lived together in a home there and there was opportunity for much fun and fellowship. Gladys had a motive in asking me for the weekend, that being to meet the principal of her school who was a good-looking bachelor. But also visiting a friend that particular weekend was Marquis Wood Lawrence, another good-looking bachelor. "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform". Instead of my falling in love with the principal, Mark and I were drawn together. He says that it was love at first sight. He often told me that he said to himself after our first meeting, "That is the girl I'm going to marry". I was not sure that quickly, but I was willing to be persuaded after a few months. He continued to see me and we kept up a daily correspondence after a few weeks until we became engaged in August 1927. For the interest of the young people of today I will tell you a secret. I was visiting a former room mate who was attending summer school at Duke University.

Mark had come there to see me and we went to a concert at the auditorium. I've forgotten what the concert was but I will never forget that on the way back to Southgate dormitory Mark kissed me, my first kiss. Kisses meant something then! My daughters may remember the walk that had a bamboo border at one point. That is where it happened. We became engaged on his next visit. Note this, we had known each other for nine months and were "going steady" before our first kiss. How times have changed! In those days young people were a little more deliberate in getting married, thinking they should be able to see into the future before making such an important leap. Today they seem to leap and work out their lives together. I had some college debts to pay and couldn't think of asking my husband to assume them. He had by then decided to go to the Divinity School at Duke University and he also had undergraduate debts. It did not occur to me that I could marry and continue to teach. Ministers' wives just did not work for a salary in 1928. They were supposed to visit from door to door with their husbands and devote full time to work in the home and the church. Churches paid one salary to the minister but expected services from two for the price of one. Perhaps it was not expected but that is the way it was. It was only after World War II that ministers' wives began to work outside the home to any extent. I don't know the figures now, but I dare say over half the ministers' wives must have paying jobs.

It may be interesting to note the cost of my college education in the light of costs today. I went for four years for about \$500 per year, making a total of \$2,000. I must give my determined little mother credit for seeing her children reach their goals. She was left a widow at about thirty-nine years of age and with seven children ranging from seventeen years to one year. Her assets were a house to live in and about \$25,000 in money. At the time of my father's death the seventeen-year-old brother was in Wake Forest College

and I was a senior in high school. After my mother assessed the situation, she decided she could give all of her children two years of college education and lend them the money for the other two years. Since the children were spaced from two and one-half to three years apart this meant that most of the time there were two in college at the same time. Sometimes there were three, for William and Harold went to medical school. For twenty-two years there were children in college. My mother made many sacrifices to see this project through to fruition. Her seven children did not question whether they should go to college, for the idea was instilled in them all their lives from both father and mother. The children learned responsibility and loyalty to family which was invaluable. We would not have dared to waste our time at college in frivolous past-times, for too great a price was being paid for the privilege of being there. Most of the time dean's list was attained by us. I will never cease to be thankful for my heritage.

I was able in three years of teaching to pay my \$1,000 debt for my last two years of college, but barely. When I started teaching, my salary was \$105 per month and grew to \$132 per month my third year. When I married in August of 192⁸~~7~~ I went to my new husband with \$3.50. This I had saved for his birthday gift, his birthday coming just ten days after our marriage. I would have been too embarrassed to ask him for money so soon for a gift for him. Incidentally, the gift was Elbert Hubbard's Scrapbook and it is still in our library. I may add that I had reduced the cost of my education by working in the dining room for four years. One year I made gravy for over two hundred girls; another year I set tables. When a senior I sat at the head of the table and acted as hostess. Regular board was \$25 per month but by working my cost was \$12.50. Can you imagine that in 1979? In my last year I was an assistant in chemistry which meant that I graded freshman papers and conducted one labor-

atory session per week. This gave me \$100 each semester on my tuition. That year I was president of the Madame Curie Chemistry Club. It was a dubious honor, for my inaugural speech had to be innovative and of interest to scientists. Dr. Winston, the head of the department, suggested a topic which, interestingly enough in retrospect, had as a subject "The Power of the Atom". I did a lot of research on this paper but what I presented to the Chemistry Club was not a contributing factor in the splitting of the atom.

In the study of chemistry I continue to marvel at the atomic table. When I was in college I learned that the known and unknown elements could be arranged in an orderly table into families each with a specific weight. At that time there were many gaps in the atomic table. I recall how excited Dr. Winston would get when she said that there were unknown elements to be fitted into this table, and that some day they would be found. Now in checking on this I find that what she predicted was true. With the aid of high-energy machines, one hundred and five elements have been fitted into the atomic table. This proves to me that God had a plan in His creation and "it is marvellous in our eyes". Each element is put here for a purpose and the reason for man's being is to use God's creation intelligently and wisely.

In my life there have been many decisions to make and I have made a great many mistakes. My life is a record of trial and error, defeat and success. My past failures have warned me against repeating them; past victories have inspired me to try harder. When I look back it seems that, from birth, God might have been preparing me to be the wife of a minister. Anyway, I can see now that so many things have turned out to be a help along the way. I was born a sensitive child with feelings easily hurt, but also with the ability to sense hurts in other people. I was one in a big family, learning to share, and to give and take. Learning at fifteen years of age what it means to lose

a dear one and to have to share in the responsibility for the care of younger brothers and sisters proved to be blessings. It was my good fortune to be born into a family with dignity, culture, self-respect, and Christian habits of living. College training, too, seemed to prepare me in ways that I have mentioned. Many times I felt rebellious when people seemed to expect more of a preacher's wife than they did of themselves and I did not feel free to 'do my own thing' as they say today. I have looked at my role as a minister's wife a little differently since the day Mark and I went calling and a little girl came to the door on hearing the bell. She saw us through a small glass in the door and we heard her run back and say to her mother, "Jesus is at the door". I realized then that we did indeed mean Jesus to some people and we had an awesome responsibility to live up to His image. This was an humbling revelation to me. I have finally worked out a philosophy to help me in making decisions. I ask myself this question, "What would Jesus do in this situation?" I trust that has kept me on the right track most of the time. So much love had kept us -- love for each other, love of family, and love of parishioners. They have loved us and our love has overflowed to them.

IV

The second phase of my life began on August 1, 1928. Mark and I were married at eight o'clock in the evening at the Coats Baptist Church. The officiating minister was Dr. James Archibald Campbell who was my pastor. He was the founder of Buies Creek Academy which later grew into Campbell University. The Coats Baptist Church much later became the Coats Methodist Church. A small group of Methodists desired to start a church in Coats and needed the support of the Conference Mission Board. Mark was serving on the board at the time and he voted heartily for the board to buy the old Baptist building

for a place for the Methodists to get a start. He delighted to say then, in fun, that we were married in the Coats Methodist Church. Back to the wedding, the ushers were Harold Patterson, my brother, and Thomas S. Shutt, a friend of Mark's. Margaret Lawrence, Mark's sister, and Gladys Currin, my friend who introduced Mark and me, were bridesmaids. My sister, Maisie, was my maid of honor. The flower girls were Dorothy, my sister, and Geraldine Young, my cousin. June Patterson, my niece, was ring-bearer. Mark's brother, Carlton, was his best man and my brother, Orus, gave me away. The paper wrote about me, and I quote, "she was dressed in white satin with veil of tulle caught up in coronet fashion with orange blossoms and pearls. She carried a shower bouquet of valley lilies and bride's roses". After receiving relatives and friends at my home we left with Catherine Mallory, Mark's aunt, for Raleigh where we spent our wedding night at the Sir Walter Raleigh Hotel.

At the time of our marriage Mark was serving the Dare Circuit, which was made up of three churches: Mann's Harbour, Mashoes, and East Lake. He had gone there in June to fill a vacancy on the circuit, and was to serve until the annual conference which met in November in those days. Our honeymoon was our trip from Coats to Mann's Harbour. This journey took us three days to make. We went by car to Raleigh where we stayed overnight. The next day, in the morning, I went to a studio to have my picture made in my wedding dress with my shower bouquet. The bouquet was not at its prettiest state but the photograph is the one that I still have. That afternoon we took a train for Wilson and Elizabeth City. In Elizabeth City we boarded a boat which took us to Mann's Harbour. The boat was the Hattie Creef.

The Hattie Creef deserves a story in its own right and this story was provided in the News and Observer in August 1979. I give Dennis Rogers the credit for most of this story. For eighty years the Hattie Creef was as much a part of the lore, legend and life of the Outer Banks as any fisherman or shipwrecked seaman. She had her moments of glory, her moments of sorrow; she was born in a shipwreck and died on the beach. George Creef, a Roanoke Islander, built her from hearty Georgia pine, lumber washed ashore on the Banks in 1887 when the treacherous Diamond Shoals off Cape Hatteras claimed a north-bound schooner. The lumber floated ashore. He built her solid, a boat of his own design. She was fifty-five feet long, eighteen feet across the beam, perfectly designed for the ever-changing waters here. Soon the Hattie Creef was a regular sight along the Banks; there were no bridges then, so the few people who lived on the islands depended on the Hattie Creef for mail, food and transportation to the mainland. She had a regular run. She left Manteo every morning at five o'clock, sailed for Mann's Harbour, Nags Head, Kitty Hawk, and up to Elizabeth City by way of the Pasquotank River and home again by six in the afternoon. Most of the time, if the weather was right, you could set your watch by the Hattie Creef. On July 14, 1901, at 1:30 p.m., two young men paid their \$1.25 fare, and the Hattie Creef set sail for Kitty Hawk. Wilbur and Orville Wright spent that trip sitting on folding canvas chairs on the aft deck, watching for the high sand dunes of Kitty Hawk, where soon they would make history. It was not their first trip on the Hattie Creef, it would not be their last. On every trip, they would sail on the Hattie Creef, the wind taking them to Kitty Hawk and the wind taking them to fame. In 1908, four years after the Wright brothers flew, the Hattie Creef got two 10-horsepower engines and no longer would she be dependent upon the winds. She was given the power to haul

the freight, mail, and lovers. It became something of a tradition. Young lovers would board the Hattie Creef after their marriage on the island and ride to Elizabeth City to spend their honeymoon in a hotel and then ride home again. After 1910, they even had a stateroom. We were young lovers going from the mainland to our home at Mann's Harbour. I suppose some might think it was significant that the Hattie Creef was used by the Wright brothers and it is of note, but to Mark and me its importance lay in the fact that it was the boat that took us to our first parsonage together. I always referred to this part of our honeymoon as going abroad. We left by way of the Pasquotank River and then went into the Albemarle and Croatan Sounds to land at Mann's Harbour. This was a four-hour voyage. Mann's Harbour is on the mainland, but in 1928 the only way it could be reached was by boat. East Lake and Mashoes were also without roads and were reached by small boats. These places may be reached now by bridges across the Alligator River and the Croatan Sound.

But there was more money in fish than in lovers, and by 1912, the Hattie Creef was hauling fish. She got a bigger engine in 1914 and again in 1937, and with the added power she began the hard work of towing barges up and down the sounds and rivers. In 1949, she was retired and tied to a dock in Camden. Later when Mark and I were in Elizabeth City we saw the poor but proud Hattie Creef half submerged in the river's edge and we were saddened that she had ended in such a way. But that was not quite the end. Finally she was moved to Salvo where she sat next to a restaurant. The idea was that she would draw customers. She burned there, her proud hull stripped of all that was usable. She had returned to the beach to die, not twenty miles from where her timbers washed ashore that stormy night eighty-six years before.

When we arrived at Mann's Harbour the entire population of the village was at the dock to see the preacher's new wife. One of the stewards of the church loaded my trunk, other baggage and us on his Ford truck and took us to our parsonage. This was a simple, unpainted two-storied house with meager furnishings, but I was happy to be there. The next day, which was Sunday, Mark started a week's services at Mashoes, one of our churches about four miles from Mann's Harbour. One of our members took us there by speed boat. I heard Mark preach for the first time that day and remember now that I was pleased at how well he did. He had preached his first sermon in June 1924 when he was a student helping E. L. Hillman at Scotland Neck in the summer. He was to preach his last sermon on September 12, 1976, just twelve days before his death. That covered a period of fifty-two years.

The Mashoes community had only seven families. All the men were fishermen. They staked their nets in the sound and we enjoyed seeing them bring in their daily catch. At this season of the year they were getting flounder and bass. Some of the flounder would have covered the bottom of a wash tub. Other fishermen came from surrounding areas and lived in small cabins built on stilts in the harbor during the fishing season. After their catch was iced and put on the freight boats, we would visit them in their cabins and would eat the most delicious fish in the world. Since there was always plenty of ice on hand the dessert was usually a freezer of hand-turned ice cream. I had heard before that ice cream and fish were not to be eaten at the same meal but I found that not to be true.

This week at Mashoes, so soon after our marriage, stands out in my memory as if it were yesterday. Mark had fun in saying to his friends, "I slept in Mashoes the week after we were married". We stayed in the home of a member that

week and visited and ate among the seven neighborhood families. In the late afternoons we played croquet for our recreation. On Saturday someone took us back to Mann's Harbour where the parsonage was located. We took with us on the boat our first "pounding". Many poundings were to follow, from all the churches that we had the good fortune to serve, until we reached the city churches where life was more sophisticated. No Methodist preacher and his family need to have a 'pounding' explained, but, for the sake of others, I will say that a pounding was a collection of food products given with love and appreciation to the minister and his family. The custom probably was started to supplement the support of the minister, for salaries were very small in the early years of the Methodist itineracy and the parishioners had delicious food products to share. Perhaps the word 'pounding' derived from a gift of a pound of sugar, a pound of butter, two pounds of flour, etc. Among the items of this first pounding were three live chickens. These chickens went with us on the boat with their legs tied to keep them from flying into the sound. It was a lucky thing that my mother had taught me to dress a chicken before our marriage, for we were to have many live chickens given to us during those early years. Methodist ministers were always teased about loving fried chicken. This was surely true, but I have noticed that this liking is shared by almost everyone. I never learned to kill a chicken; Mark did that by cutting off its head with a sharp blow of an ax.

The three months that we were together on the Dare Circuit were memorable ones. We went the first of August and left on the Hattie Creef in November for our annual conference. We knew that we would not be back, for Mark was to enter the Divinity School at Duke University that fall. The fun that we had during those three months was something special! Mark preached on Sunday at one of the three churches and had prayer meeting at Mann's Harbour on each Wed-

nesday evening. If church were to be at East Lake or Mashoes we had to take the Saturday morning mail boat in order to be at our post on Sunday. Then we would return on Monday on the mail boat for our home. There was always a welcome for us and we lived around with different members. There was no public accommodation in these villages.

East Lake was different from Mann's Harbour and Mashoes where most of the men were fishermen. In East Lake the majority made their living by bootlegging whiskey. There were three fine old men who had made their livelihood by other means when there were lumber mills in the area. The lumber had been exhausted and there was no way to make a legitimate living. These were the days of prohibition and there was a good price for whiskey on the Baltimore and northern markets. The swamps concealed the stills. The whiskey was taken out by boats at night, put on fast cars and sold on the markets. Every time we went by mail boat to East Lake we shared the space with 100 pound bags of sugar, five-gallon demijohns, and other equipment for making whiskey. We stayed in the homes of these bootleggers and most of them were loyal churchmen. Very few of them drank their own brew. The Federal men raided the area from time to time and many of the men were caught and had to serve their year and a day in the Federal prison in Atlanta. These people were caught in a trap. If they were to remain in their homes they were compelled to break the law to make a living.

One night while Mark was preaching at East Lake, a man who was quite drunk came into the church and shouted, "If you are making a speech for Al Smith, I can beat you, can't I, Ruby"? Al Smith was running for President of the United States at that time. At another service in this church I was amused at an incident. A collection was being taken for the conference obligations, for it was the last meeting before our annual conference. This was also the last service of a "revival meeting" and Mark was to give an invitation at the end of

the service to those who might desire to make a public profession to follow Jesus. The custom in this church was to take one's offering to the table at the altar as the pianist played a hymn. Mark had selected the hymns with his revival service in mind. He gave the pianist a number which she could not play. He gave the second selection in his order of worship and she could not play that. Finally he gave her the last number that he had selected and, praise be, she knew the hymn. She began to play and the people marched up to place their gifts in the plate at the altar. I think I was the only one who saw anything funny in the presenting of the collection. The hymn that was being played was Almost Persuaded. I can't remember what Mark used as his invitational hymn that night or if there were any converts. I do remember that in the collection was a \$50 bill, the first within my memory, and which surely helped Mark have a better report at conference.

Mark and the women of the church at Mann's Harbour had spruced up the parsonage before my arrival as a bride. And no princess has been happier in a castle than I was there, but it was a far cry from our last beautiful parsonage in Burlington. We had no electricity, no carpets, no running water except when Mark ran with it. We had a path instead of a bath. I cooked on an oil stove and we had kerosene lamps for light. It was very difficult for me to keep the lamp chimneys clear and shiny. Have you ever tried to do that? Our refrigerator was á hole in the ground. The hole had been lined with boards with a hinged door at the top. A block of ice was placed in the receptacle and food could be placed around the ice. I found this unsatisfactory because ants and dirt had a way of seeping in between the boards. We finally resorted to keeping the ice block in a barrel and placing any food to be saved around the ice. This was not too good a solution, for the barrel had been made waterproof with tar and food came out with a taste of tar.

We found that our rest was disturbed at night by being bitten and set on fire by some invisible creatures. After using a flashlight several times we discovered that we were being devoured by fleas. Through the years we have enjoyed asking our friends the question, "How do you think we exterminated the fleas"? No one ever guessed the solution. A committee from the church was approached. We learned early that any and all changes, large or small, should be started by consulting the proper committee. This committee decided to go to the root of the flea trouble and voted to build a fence around the parsonage. And so we got a beautiful new fence. You may wonder how a fence could keep the fleas out. It is very simple. In 1928 North Carolina did have a state law which required owners of cattle and livestock to keep them in enclosures and not allow them to roam at large. But at Mann's Harbour this law was not enforced. Consequently, the hogs and pigs ran all over the place, and since our house was not underpinned the pigs would go under the house and scratch against the pillars. There were cracks between the floor boards and the fleas from the pigs made their way into our bedroom and into our bed. The fence kept out the hogs and pigs, and the fleas disappeared.

Mann's Harbour was a small settlement stretched along the waterfront for three or four miles. The parsonage and church were near the center. Mark and I walked every day, visiting in each Methodist home, going to the general store for a few groceries, to the docks to see the fish boats arrive, to the post office, and sometimes to swim in the sound. In our walks we carried branches from bushes to frap the mosquitoes and yellow flies from our arms and legs. The yellow flies had a very penetrating sting. On these walks I wore out most of my shoes, for the sand cut into the soles. While we were there, there was one very high tide. A native would have pronounced it "hoigh toide". We were isolated in our parsonage due to the high water. Mark finally had to be

taken by boat and by wearing hip boots he was able to get to high ground to a cemetery to conduct a burial service for a member. After a period of rain or high tides the mosquitoes would breed in the surrounding swamps and these times were hard to endure. Mark had to saturate his hands and wrists and even his face with an insect repellent in order to get through a sermon. Someone had to fan the pianist in order to keep her free from a swarm of mosquitoes.

I began to do a little bit of growing up along then. We had no fresh vegetables available at the stores and few of the people had gardens. We were delighted one day to be given a "mess" of collards. I had eaten collards in my mother's home but she had prepared them. But they were green and we needed the vitamins and I proceeded to cook them and proudly served them to my bridegroom. He took one bite and said, "They don't have much taste, do they?" It was a disappointment and my feelings were hurt and I responded by taking the collards and pitching them out, vitamins and minerals going to waste. I have learned since that day that for collards to be palatable they must first be exposed to Jack Frost.

Mann's Harbour is just across the sound from Manteo where the Mother Vineyard is located. This vineyard is of scuppernong grapes, some very old. It is thought that these vines were brought to this country by Captain John White's ill-fated colony. Almost every family had a scuppernong vine but the parsonage did not have one. We had a neighbor who lived about a mile away who gave us all that we could eat, and for a month or more we walked there every day and feasted. I would like to think everyone would have the privilege to partake of scuppernong grapes in early morning when they are cold and late in September when they begin to turn an amber color. It is a fruit fit for kings and Methodist preachers. One day we picked a shoe box full and mailed it to a friend at Duke Divinity School. He wrote later and said they arrived but in

a slightly fermented state. We failed to take into account the distance, the warm weather, and the nature of the grape to turn into wine. We did have one delectable fruit at our parsonage. It was a fig, the large purple variety. I made a daily visit to see how many figs had ripened during the night.

The swamps were full of bears. There was one old man who was called Bear Basnight. It is said that he had killed over four hundred bears during his hunting days. Bears' teeth were fastened to a string and hung around babies' necks to help them in cutting teeth. One day I had an exciting adventure. Bears had been reported as having been seen on the little road near the parsonage. In the fall of the year the bears would break gum branches from the trees and eat the ripe gumberries. Mark and I had started our regular walk to the store and had gone a few hundred yards when we heard some commotion in the bushes beside the road. I wanted to see the bear but was afraid to confront him. Mark told me to start back toward the parsonage, at the same time he put himself between me and the noise. The noise came closer as we were backing off, and just as we decided it was time to start running, out walked a large black animal -- a hog.

There was a custom in serving a meal that was introduced to us at our Shangri-La --- that of having on the table for breakfast, dinner, and supper a bowl of honey and a jar of fresh cream, unwhipped. The honey and cream made a delicious spread for hot biscuits. In no other place have we observed this custom. Perhaps there is a connection to Bible times when reference was made to the land flowing with milk and honey. Surely, looking back over seventy-three years of life in North Carolina, it is indeed a land flowing with milk and honey, and though my life has not been a bed of roses, it has had plenty of milk and honey.

We left the circuit only twice in three months, once going across the

sound to spend the day at Manteo, and once on a picnic to the tip of Roanoke Island, where it was customary for people in Dare County to gather and celebrate each year. The site of this picnic was near the place where the first colony came in 1587 and where Virginia Dare was born. The Lost Colony Theatre is now located here and has attracted thousands of people each summer for over thirty years. The county is named for this first white child to be born in this part of the world. Memories on Dare Circuit are among my most precious and we were grateful that we had such lovely people to serve.

1928 began forty-two years of active ministry for Mark and was the first of thirteen moves that we were to make. We served people from all economic strata of life that were to be found in eastern North Carolina. Our work was in country churches, small towns, cities, and over the Goldsboro District. We always loved our people and for the most part they loved us. We tried to identify with them in whatever situation we found them. They were kind and responsive to us. We were always sorry to leave when it was time to go, but when the Bishop moved us into a new place we left the old one behind and accepted the challenge of the new place with undivided attention. Some ministers have the bad habit of going back to a former work constantly. They can't turn loose, and this is a source of irritation to the new minister and confusion to the congregation.

On our arrival at a new parsonage we were always received as friends in a most gracious way, with an attractive meal awaiting us and with food in the house for a few days. Unlike many newcomers, Methodist preachers have scores of friends from the start and that is something to be glad about. As I look back across the years and think of all these people, in all of these churches, I find that there is little difference in them. Some were country people, some city, some rich, some poor, some literate, some almost illiterate, some indus-

trious, some lazy, some ambitious, some indifferent. When we got to know them we found all had the same basic desires, problems, joys, love for their children and hopes for them. Perhaps the greatest and most important difference was that some were selfish and some selfless. All churches had some in each category. It is a sad thing to see an adult who has not given up putting himself at the center of life. As a bride I was self-centered. I wanted my husband's loving attention and thought chiefly of our happiness. But after all of these moves and hard places to serve, and after seeing the problems and needs of so many people, I hope I have displaced myself with concern for others as I have grown into maturity.

VII

Perhaps I should dip back into the past before I start my long odyssey into the future. I was born Velma Patterson in western Harnett County, North Carolina, in a small farmhouse on April 19, 1905. My father was Neill Thomas Patterson and my mother Mattie Fuquay Patterson. This part of Harnett County was settled by people from Scotland, and the Pattersons were there early in the 18th century. In an old letter in the McNeill family it was stated, "We came in 1734 and the Pattersons were already here". An ancestor of mine, Duncan Patterson, came on a ship to Cross Creek, which is now Fayetteville, N.C., from Argyllshire, Scotland, and took a land grant in the area, only to feel crowded, and later took another grant on Little River in what is now the Barbecue Church area.

Barbecue Presbyterian Church was named after Barbecue Creek which was nearby. The first record of this church is in 1756. A minister from Pennsylvania said, after speaking to a group of Scottish Highlanders, "Some of them scarcely knew one word I said, the poorest singers I ever heard in my life".

These people spoke only Gaelic and they could not understand the visiting minister. The Rev. James Campbell was sent in 1757 to make his home in the Cape Fear country and became the pastor of this church. Soon after 1757 a log church was built on land transferred to Duncan and Gilbert Buie, trustees of Barbecue Church. The first elders were Gilbert Buie, Archibald Buie and Daniel Cameron. The following quotations are taken from Colonial Churches in North Carolina by J. K. Rouse, Kannapolis, N.C. "These men were pious and devoted to the cause of religion and their duties as elders, and for their strict attention to duties, got the name of 'little ministers of Barbecue'." Flora McDonald came here from time to time to worship. "Flora McDonald worshipped here, coming from her home in the morning shadow of nearby Cameron's Hill, where, for only a brief time, she found peace and grateful seclusion after an English prison had released her, following her loyal rescue of the Bonnie Prince Charlie and before her husband's forces met sudden defeat at Moore's Creek". A document is recorded in the Register of Deeds office in Cumberland County which was a contract to be sure the Rev. James Campbell would be retained as minister and agreed to pay him the sum of 100 pounds in good and lawful money of North Carolina. Among the twelve signers were one John Patterson and one Archibald Buie, both ancestors of mine. The original log church has been replaced several times and the congregation is now worshipping in a neat, brick sanctuary.

A recent addition of interest is the erection of a cairn (pronounced like 'caring' minus the 'g') near the present church and on the old site of the first log church. The word cairn means: "A heap or pile of stones". Since many Scotsmen in days of old were too poor to afford monuments or markers, cairns were erected to mark gravesites. This is the only cairn in North Carolina and one of the few in the nation. The cairn is now well over four feet

high and still not completed. Correspondence between the Barbecue church leaders and churches in Scotland and Canada are resulting in stones being sent from all over the world. It is said of the early settlers that, often as a group of them were leaving for America, they would pause at the top of the hill for one last look at the glen that had been their home, and the home of their fathers, from time beyond memory. Then each of them would take a rock, and together they would erect a cairn as a silent reminder to all who might pass that way in later times that once they had lived there, but lived there no more.

When they reached these shores they built no cairns. But they did build homes and schools. And they did build churches such as Barbecue, the first permanent place of worship in what is now Harnett County. This cairn was erected in 1965, the 200th anniversary of the original church, to honor those who worshipped here but are around the throne of God in heaven; and as a pledge to be as faithful as they in passing on the Christian faith to generations to come. The stone to the left of the plaque as you face it is from Penduin, Isle of Skye, the last home of Flora McDonald. The stone to the right of the plaque was once part of the old church on the Isle of Jura, where some three-fourths of the first members of Barbecue worshipped before coming to these shores. Everyone is invited to add a stone to the cairn of Barbecue church. The invitation in Gaelic is: "Cuir dh' Mi Clach 'Nad Charn". This means everyone can keep alive the memory of some who bequeathed to us their Christian faith.

My grandfather, William D. Patterson, must have been a venturesome young man, for he was not content to stay on a farm in the Barbecue area. He bought a fine old southern house with several hundred acres of land. An aunt of mine said she had heard the story and the talk around was that Billy Patterson had bought Flint Hill, the McCoy place, but would never be able to pay for it. But pay for it he did, and he added many acres to the original acreage. It was

there that my father and his brothers and sisters were born. As each child of my grandfather was married he was given a plot of land with a small house upon it. This resulted in the eight children living on the fringe with my grandparents' home and farm at the center. My brother Orus, my sister Maisie, my brother Harold, and I were born here in our parents' small house. My father must not have liked the arrangement of living so close to so many relatives. He thought, perhaps, that it was time the Pattersons broke away from the section where the early ancestors had settled nearly two hundred years before. Like his father, he had a daring spirit, and I expect he wanted to be away where he would be free to make his own decisions. He did not want to live and die a farmer. He, as a young man, had gone to Buie's Creek Academy where a business course was offered and so he had some business training. He had taught school for some years, as had my mother before their marriage. He had an offer to be cashier of the small bank at Coats and here we went to live. I remember my grandmother heating bricks and wrapping them in flannel for our feet to rest upon as we drove away in the horse-drawn carriage. On reaching our new home I was horrified to find that my new shoes had crinkled from the heat.

We lived in a rented house until our new home could be built, and I lived there until I was married. This is where the seven of us children grew and it is the place that I think of as home. It was here that we lost a young brother when he was three years of age and brought to us our first deep sadness. Here we played, did our chores, went to school and church, and did our share of fighting. On Sunday afternoons our father and mother took us for long walks in the woods and identified wild flowers for us. The neighborhood children usually tagged along with us. My interest in wild flowers has persisted till this day. My father still had an appreciation for the good things that a farm

afforded and our house was surrounded by four or five acres. Here we had many kinds of fruit trees, a place for a vegetable garden, a cow, hogs, and best of all a scuppernong vine. Until my father died we kept a maid of all-work who lived with us, for with so many children one little mother could not do everything. There was always a baby and a knee baby. I suppose birth control was unheard of. My mother probably grew weary of bearing babies, but I can't think of a single one of my brothers or sisters that I would not have wanted to be born. We were all taught to work as we grew older, the boys fed the animals and brought in the wood for the range and the fireplaces. The girls helped tend the babies and with the housework. The maid did the kitchen work and heavy cleaning and the laundry. My mother cared for her babies and held things together in general. I remember seeing her churn with the old dasher kind of churn. At the same time she would be breast feeding the baby and also reading a book.

When my father died much of this was changed, but at least we had been taught to help and we continued to work together and life went on. We grew up and one by one went away to college, married, and scattered to many parts. Though we have been separated by many miles our spirits have always been close. I do want to mention the first Christmas after my father's death. He died in early December, and we were desolate, and, as is often the case, there was little ready money. My mother was so crushed and bewildered that she made no plans for celebrating Christmas. My oldest brother, who was seventeen years of age, managed somehow to find enough money to buy a doll for my eleven-month-old sister. There were no other gifts that year, but all of us felt a real happiness to be together as a family and to see the baby's delight with her doll. I learned then that love is all that is needed to bring light and joy, and I have never felt poor, for I have always had a lot of love.

VIII

Most of my ancestors were from the highlands of Scotland. Among the names can be found Pattersons, Buies, Thomases, Martins, Campbells, Johnsons, and Matthews, also McLeods. But my mother's father was Richard Benton Fuquay. His first American ancestor was Guillaume Fouquet who was a soldier in Lafayette's army. The name was later changed to Fuquay. He was at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Guillaume and his brother, John Lewis Fouquet, must have visited in Virginia, for at the war's end both young men married and stayed in America. Guillaume married a Miss Hall from Dinwiddie County, Virginia. I have often wondered how they surmounted the language barrier. Guillaume and his wife moved from Dinwiddie County to what is now Fuquay-Varina, North Carolina. Guillaume, who changed his name to William, had a farm, and one day a grandson was plowing in a field and uncovered a spring of water which had mineral qualities. This spring was enclosed and later, Fuquay Springs, the town, grew up around it. When I was a child and living at Coats we would go by train to Fuquay on church picnics.

The Fuquays brought a new dimension to the Patterson clan, that of the artistic character of life. My Scots ancestors had had to work very hard in order to open up a new land and had little time for the arts. They needed to play more, it seems to me now. My grandfather Patterson was a successful man in a business way and I do remember that he had a twinkle in his eye. My grandmother Patterson did love beauty, for she had every kind of flower in her garden. But, going back to the Fuquays, not one of my mother's brothers stayed on the farm; one became a doctor, one a dentist, two studied law and had political positions, and another was a businessman. My mother was well-rounded, she loved to work like her Scots mother but liked the arts like her father and had a poetic nature. I hope all of her children are a happy combination of

both our wonderful parents.

My grandmother, Mary Jane McLeod Fuquay, was the daughter of Neill McLeod and Elizabeth Matthews. The history of the name 'McLeod' is of some interest. It is a Scottish patronymic surname denoting descendents of Leoid, from an old Norse personal name Ljotr, meaning ugly. Legend claims that the McLeods are in some way connected with the old Norwegian kings of the Isle of Man. The brother of one of these kings was named Ljotr. The ancient Dunvegan Castle on the Isle of Skye, the family seat of the McLeods of Dunvegan, has been used in the entertainment of many famous men throughout the ages. In 1536 King James V of Scotland was a guest there and in 1773, Boswell and Johnson were also entertained by the McLeods of Dunvegan. Incidentally, about 1965 Harold and Louise Patterson were served tea at Dunvegan by Dame Flora. She had been entertained by them at an earlier time in Honolulu, Hawaii.

Mark's heritage was much the same as mine except that he had more English ancestors than Scottish and some German. His father was Larry Carlton Lawrence and his mother was Margaret Graves Wood. I think the Woods and the Lawrences were English but Mark's paternal grandfather, John Wilson Lawrence, married Sarah Boger who was from German ancestry. On August 11, 1732, the good ship Samuel of London, commanded by Captain Hugh Piercy, landed at Philadelphia with 279 Palatines from Rotterdam. They came from the Palatinate on the Rhine, now Bavaria, because of persecution. The ship was furnished in England. Among the passengers were three brothers, Hans Paulus Boger, Michael Boger, and Mathias Boger. Mathias was under sixteen years of age, and he settled in Lancaster County, Lebanon Township, Pennsylvania. One of his sons was Jacob Boger, born October 12, 1745, who married Barbara Laffer. She was born December 1750. They had moved from Pennsylvania to Cabarrus County, North Carolina. Their son was George Boger who became a minister of the Reformed Church and preached

his first sermon at the age of seventeen. He was minister of the Lower Stone Church in Rowan County, North Carolina, from 1803 to 1830. He preached in German and in English. Under his ministry the debts of the church were paid. His records show that he preached 306 funeral sermons, baptized 1919 children, confirmed 627 persons, and married 201 couples. He died June 19, 1865, and was buried in the Lower Stone Reformed Church cemetery which is two and one-half miles from Rockwell, N.C. By his side was buried his second wife, Elizabeth Barnhardt Boger. He was married three times. Born to his second wife were ten children, the first being Mathias Boger who was named for the first Mathias who migrated to America. The second Mathias was married three times, also, and to his second wife were born three children, the third being Sarah Elizabeth. This Sarah Elizabeth Boger married Mark's grandfather, John Wilson Lawrence, on October 12, 1875. They had four children, two of whom died early. The other two were: Larry Carlton Lawrence and Ingram Boger Lawrence. I knew John Wilson Lawrence, but when I came into the family he had a second wife, whom we called Grandmama, and she treated her stepchildren and stepgrandchildren as she did her own. All of us loved her dearly. Mathias Boger was buried in Prospect Presbyterian church yard on State Highway #152 - between China Grove and Mooresville.

A very important church in the lives of the Lawrence family has been Snow Creek United Methodist Church near Statesville, N.C. It was founded in 1802. A homecoming is observed each third Sunday in August and we have attended many of them. Mark has preached at a number of them and preached the sermon the year before he died. Mark's grandfather, John Wilson Lawrence, had a farm near this church and I expect three other generations of grandfathers farmed in this area also, for there are four Lawrence ancestors buried in the cemetery beside the church. The cemetery was built first and dates from 1780. I have read the

inscriptions on the headstones of Adam Lawrence, buried in 1817, great-great-great grandfather; Adam Wilson Lawrence, buried in 1827, great-great grandfather; Robert Simonton Lawrence, buried in 1870, great grandfather; John Wilson Lawrence, buried in 1939, grandfather. Mark's father is buried in Cedar Grove Cemetery in New Bern, N.C., and Mark is buried in Maplewood Cemetery in Durham, N.C.

Mark and two of his brothers, Carlton and Johnny, for many summers went to the Lawrence farm in Iredell County and stayed with the grandparents. Mark said they went to work and the way it sounded he did most of the work. But I have an old Kodak picture which shows him and his brothers leaning on their hoes. That may be where Mark learned to garden and he loved to work on the outside and make things grow.

When I married into the Lawrence family Granddaddy Lawrence had moved from the farm into Statesville where he lived until his death. That is the home that we visited but I did go back to the old farm and saw the house once before it was burned. Mark's Aunt Mary and her husband, Reuben Mason, kept the farm for many years, but it is now owned by others out of the family. There was an old spring house on the place and that is where Grandmama kept her milk and butter. There was a gourd dipper hanging at the spring which was used by one and all.

Mark's maternal grandfather was Marquis LaFayette Wood. Mark not only inherited his name but perhaps this grandfather (or rather stories about him) influenced his call to the ministry. Marquis L. Wood was a graduate of the first class from Normal College which later grew into Duke University. Normal College was located at Trinity, N.C., in Randolph County. He was graduated July 19, 1855, and he said, "I received first honors; so did all my class, whose names are the following, viz: J. W. Alsbaugh, Forsythe, N.C.; D. R. Bruton, Montgomery, N.C.; J. H. Roper, Montgomery, N.C.; A. Fuller, Randolph,

N.C.; J. S. Leach, Johnson, N.C." On November 14, 1855, he was admitted to the North Carolina Conference which met in Wilmington, and his first appointment was the Wilkes Circuit. His second one was Franklinsville Circuit and his third Surry Circuit. "On Surry Circuit he had thirteen scheduled preaching appointments, and when time would permit, he preached in private homes. He raised subscriptions for the building of a church in Mt. Airy; met with class meetings; transcribed the class books; visited the sick; conducted one camp meeting and four revival meetings. During the year he assisted for the first time in administering the Sacrament of Baptism. He evidenced a spirit of cooperation and tolerance toward other churches, yet he found it impossible to stay free from controversy with the Hard Shell Baptists. He used much of his time in private reading. Some of the visible results of his work were more than one hundred conversions, sixty-four additions to the church, and all financial claims paid in full". This quotation is taken from The Life Of Marquis LaFayette Wood As Shown By His Diary by Marquis Wood Lawrence. Mark edited this diary to meet requirements for his Bachelor of Divinity degree from Duke University in 1930. Another quotation from the same source and of note: "This is one of the great days of my life. At 9:45 o'clock, A.M. I was married to Miss Ellen Morphis in the M. E. Church in Greensboro, N.C., by Rev. Turner M. Jones, President of Greensboro F. College. The house was filled with people. We took the train at 11 o'clock A.M. for Raleigh. At 6 o'clock P.M. we left Raleigh on the stages to travel all night". This was on September 16, 1859, and on December 17th of that year, he and his Ellen sailed from New York on the sailing ship "Seaman's Bride" for Shanghai China. They were the first missionaries from the Methodist Church in the North Carolina Conference to go to China. The route of the little sailing vessel bearing this newly married couple to their distant home took it on the Atlantic, around the Cape of Good Hope, in the Indian Ocean through

the straits of Sunday, by the China Sea up the coast to Hong Kong, and thence to Shanghai. This trip was usually made in four months, but severe storms struck the Seaman's Bride, driving her many leagues out of her course. At other times the frail little bark was becalmed. There was no wind to move her, and she simply rested, a tiny speck on the ocean. The supply of food was almost exhausted; passengers were forced to live on what sailors called "hardtack and beef" which was dried and three years old. Water became so scarce that each passenger was daily apportioned one pint for drinking and bathing purposes. The vessel stopped at only two ports between New York and Shanghai -- Ango City and Hong Kong. At Ango City chickens, sweet potatoes, and many fruits were bought. Passengers and crew were ravenously hungry, and each one was allowed to have a whole chicken. This ship had only four staterooms. Among the passengers was another missionary couple, Dr. and Mrs. Young J. Allen from the Georgia Conference. The Allens became life-long friends. They reached Shanghai seven long months after they left New York. Ellen Morphis Wood gave birth to two sons while in China and in the year following the birth of Charles she became very ill and soon after died. Other missionaries helped with the care of the two little boys. In 1866 M. L. Wood returned with his two sons to North Carolina never to return to China. He returned to be pastor and presiding elder until 1884 when he became President of Trinity College. In the meantime he had married his second wife, Caroline Pickett, from Wilmington, N.C. She was Mark's grandmother and the mother of Margaret Graves Wood, Mark's mother. She died after the birth of Mark's mother. She had two other children, Aunt Fanny Steele and Uncle Thomas Wood. M. L. Wood married for the third time, this time to a Mrs. Robbins who did not make a good stepmother to little Maggie, Mark's mother. M. L. Wood died in Gibson, N.C., November 25, 1893, and is buried in the city cemetery in Rockingham. Mark was not born for almost ten

years but the influence of this grandfather touched his life.

IX

Both Mark and I came from homes where education was stressed and children expected to go to college, where Christian ideals were taught and lived, where young people were taught courtesy and good manners. After marriage we had very little adjustment to make to each other, for our goals and ideals in life were similar and both of us had grown up learning to live with many brothers and sisters.

This age is so different from the one fifty years ago. Many children born in the mid-twentieth century assume there have always been electricity, telephones, automobiles and all the things we call modern conveniences. Having been born in 1905 I remember the old ways as well as the new. Before we left the farm, people from nearby would come to our house to use one of the only telephones in our area. My maternal grandmother had the only sewing machine in her neighborhood. Her neighbors would cut out their garments and bring them to her and say "Miss Jane, will you put this through the machine?" My father was the second man to have a car in our small town of Coats. It was a low-lying Hupmobile, and when he took us for rides on Sunday afternoons, we nearly always had a flat tire or got stuck in the mud or sand. We had tire patches along with us and somehow managed to get back home. When it rained we had to lift the back seat and get out the side curtains and put them on. By that time we were usually soaked. In our new home at Coats we had our own plant for making electricity, for the town had no electricity or water. An electric pump was installed and we had a water tank on a platform in the back yard. One big snow brought the tank down. This system was constantly giving trouble but most of the time we had lights and water. When these lights were out of order we

used the kind of lamp that required a mantle which one dared not touch, for it would disintegrate. It gave a bright, white light. My mother finally got an electric churn which saved a great deal of time.

Some of the periodicals that came to our home were: The News and Observer, The Literary Digest, Charity and Children, The Biblical Recorder, and the Youth's Companion for the benefit and enjoyment of the children. I could hardly wait for each copy to come. Sometimes I wonder why we have so little time now in spite of our labor-saving devices. In eastern North Carolina when Mark and I rode the circuits I would rejoice to see electric washing machines on the front porches of the crowded tenant houses and it was a common sight. It meant that these little hard-working farm women had a little more time to do something not so back-breaking as scrubbing on a washboard over a washtub. It would take our washer-woman a whole day to do our laundry and the lines were hung with drying clothing and bedding. Then it took her another whole day to iron the clothes and assort them. Now ironing is almost a thing of the past and washing is a matter of pushing a few buttons. But those that were dried in the sun did have a pleasant, clean smell.

X

Now, after going into a little genealogy and past conditions in the preceding pages, I will take up our life again in the fall of 1928. When we left the Dare Circuit in November I went to visit my family at Coats and rejoiced to see them again and to share some of our novel experiences from our first work. I had not been separated from them that long before. Mark went to our annual conference and he heard at the reading of the appointments that he was assigned to the church at Carrboro which is one mile from Chapel Hill. He was sent there so that he could be near Duke University where he was enrolled in

the Divinity School for his second year. This was a student appointment and was a convenient thirteen miles away. Our parsonage there had been a former school building. The ceiling was high and the rooms large and hard to heat. But we did have electricity and running water. I cooked on a wood range that had a water-back which heated the water. We had a big heatrola in the living room and smaller heaters in the bedrooms. Maybe we have gone a full circle, for many of my friends here at Lake Junaluska are getting stoves with which to heat their houses in order to save fuel.

Our world was wider now. We had the advantage of cultural events at Duke University and the University of North Carolina, could use the libraries and I read much while Mark was attending his classes. We could also attend athletic events and Mark never lost interest in them. There was never a more avid fan of Duke University than was Mark. I substituted teaching a few times and the few dollars that I made looked good. Mark's salary was around \$1200 that year. The church paid a part, Carr cotton mill paid a part, and Duke Endowment supplemented the church since Mark was a student. Most of our members worked in Carr cotton mill or in the village. It was a challenge to live within our income. We carried no charge accounts and if we had no money we did without going to the stores. We did not have a car until the next year. Mark usually rode to Duke with one of our members who worked in Durham. Here in Carrboro we walked the muddy streets to visit our members from door to door. One of the questions in the Discipline for probationary members of the conference is "Will you visit from door to door?" Mark was faithful to his duty as long as he served a church. I quote from a notation Mark made in his diary concerning calls. "No record of pastoral calls, but this was one of the phases of my ministry which I loved. Probably averaged seventy-five calls per month during the thirty-six years I was in the pastorate (not counting the six years I

was on the district)." When Mark was on the district one of the chief complaints from laymen concerning the young pastors was that they did not visit their members. The two years we were at the Carrboro church were very busy ones. Mark went to classes at Duke in the mornings or worked in his study. In the afternoons we made calls in the village, and on weekends he preached and attended to other church duties. Mark kept a diary for five years after our marriage and I will quote from it from time to time. I wish so much that he had continued to keep a diary but I think he did not have the time. This is supposed to be my life but my life is so intermingled with Mark's at this time that it cannot be separated. We were almost always together except when he was in his classes at Duke. We were so much a part of each other that when he died I felt that half of me had been torn away. It takes a long time for a wound like that to heal.

A typical day from Mark's diary was on March 10, 1929, and I quote, "Made a talk in S. S.; taught S. S. class, preached twice, on "What Doth The Lord Require of Thee?" and "If I Perish, I Perish." Attended Epworth League; met with a group of personal workers after church tonight to plan revival meeting. Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Mann took dinner with us today. Visited Mr. Riggsbee, Clifton Partin, I. A. West, John Squires, and Mr. I. W. Durham." I remember this Mr. Durham who was one of the oldest members of our church and quite a saintly man. At times when Mark was especially inspired in his preaching Mr. Durham would get happy and shout aloud with feeling. It became increasingly rare to hear a shouting Methodist.

The second year at Carrboro we bought a portable Corona typewriter and I taught myself to type by the touch system. I did this in order to be able to type Mark's forthcoming thesis. He was to edit his maternal grandfather's diary and it resulted in a four-hundred page book. We saved more than enough

to buy the typewriter and though I did not become an expert typist, it has been valuable to be able to type through the years. I little realized then that I would be typing my own manuscript fifty years later.

We also bought a car on September 29, 1930. It was a second-hand Chevrolet sport car. My brother, Orus, bought it for us and we were to pay him when we were able. This car had to have side curtains when it rained. The car was a bright yellow and blue combination and I was always aware of its unsuitability when it led a funeral procession. But it served us well for a little over two years. It did have a catastrophe soon after we purchased it. Thanksgiving of that year was a beautiful, balmy day. We went to bed that night unaware of the shock that was to greet us the next morning. The temperature dropped during the night to near zero and we had not drained the water from our little car the night before. That was the procedure in those days -- I don't recall if there were such a commodity as anti-freeze or not. Anyway, the block in our Jumping Jack, our name for the car, froze and when it thawed there was a big plug broken out of it. We were told that it would cost \$80 to replace the block. That was a disaster that we could not afford. One of our mechanic members said he would work after hours and try to solder the plug so it would not leak. This he did and soon the car was back in running order and the block lasted until we traded the car two years later. We were careful to drain the water after that.

We cultivated our first vegetable garden that year and tried to improve the landscaping around the parsonage with flowers and shrubs. At every place we lived, except three city parsonages, we had a vegetable garden. Mark and I liked to work in the soil and providing a variety of fresh vegetables for our table saved money. Always we tried to leave the grounds more beautiful than we found them.

29

In the fall of 1939~~40~~ my brother, William, came to live with us and he entered the University of North Carolina as a freshman. We gave him a room and divided the grocery bill by three. William vows that he would have never passed English had Mark not helped him. We were glad to help, for that had been the desire of our family, to love and to help each other. William boxed on the freshman team and demonstrated a dogged determination to do his best. This same spirit enabled him to complete his pre-medical work at the University and later earn his M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania. Harold, another brother, had received his M.D. from the same university a few years before. Both boys have had effective careers as caring doctors and I am very proud of them.

Mark recorded for the first year 403 pastoral visits made, baptized eleven members, twenty-seven members received into the church, two marriages performed, ten funerals, sixty-seven sermons preached. One of the marriages was heaven-sent, we felt. We had no money left at all until the end of the month. A friend of mine came to our parsonage to have Mark perform her marriage ceremony to an established doctor. I prepared a luncheon for them, but I don't recall now where I got the food. When they were ready to leave the happy doctor gave Mark a wedding fee of \$10.00. That was a big fee in those days of the beginning of the depression. It enabled us to eat the remainder of the month. It was the custom in the Methodist itineracy for the minister to give his wife the wedding fees. In earlier days it was probably the only way the wife ever had any money to spend as she liked. Sometimes the fee went into our living expenses but Mark always kept a record and reimbursed me when he could. This was sort of a game with us and I spent my fees on such things as pretty china, silver, and glass.

Another quote from Mark's diary for August 1, 1929, our first wedding

anniversary. "Today living that day over again with its thrills and joys -- 'tis true the year has been one of real happiness (the happiest of my life) even though it has been short and may there be many more years of such life for us. We have our wedding dinner all prepared which includes a wedding cake, chicken, ice cream, rice, gravy, and vegetables. It is wonderful to remember the day of one's wedding in such a way, and I wish that more people would do such, for I am sure that there would be less unhappy homes."

Our second year at Carrboro was much like the first, both of us worked very hard. Mark mentioned our second anniversary and said it was the end of two unusually happy years. The third year I quote, "Have had three happy years together and I trust many more are to come. Love my wife more and more each year." These years were blissful for me, too. They were difficult in a financial way and we worked hard. Everything seemed to present a challenge, but all of it was fun as we worked together and we grew together and became as one. Each birthday anniversary that he mentioned in his diary, he seemed to feel pressure that his years were passing and he saw so much that needed to be done. I feel that he felt responsibility to change the world and he began to see how difficult that was going to be and that it would not happen quickly. The year that he was twenty-nine years of age he said, "Feel no older and feel like I have done so little in life." On his thirtieth birthday he said, "Today I am thirty years old, and I feel I have done very little this far in life. Of course, I still feel young, for I am young. I feel that I have a fairly good foundation for my life's work, and with further study and consecration I can make the coming years of life useful to the people whom I serve." The next year he said, "Today I am thirty-one years old and I surely do not feel that old. I feel that I am approaching the best years of my life. I have spent much time in preparing myself for the work and I have had enough experience to

begin to learn what needs to be done and how it must be done. I feel that I have much enthusiasm for the work, and I should be able to render much service for my Lord through the church. God has been good to me in the past and I should do even more for Him in the days that are ahead." And his zeal and enthusiasm for God's work never lagged. He had offers for various positions in connectional work but he felt that he had been called to the pastoral ministry and was never deterred from that stand. He said that his mother would introduce him as her "little minister". Mark felt a call to the ministry while a teenager but fought the call for many years. He was afraid he was confusing God's call with his mother's desire for a minister son. But finally after teaching school for two years and trying other avenues of educational work, he could no longer ignore God's call and he accepted his vocation. He served his people to the best of his ability and not only kept the laws of the Methodist Discipline but the spirit of Christian service as well. One small example was in smoking. When I met him he smoked a pipe and used Edgeworth tobacco. But when he joined the conference he had to promise not to smoke and he never smoked again. There are some Methodist minister contemporaries of his who managed to evade the issue and continued to smoke. Even after retirement he would never turn down an invitation to teach a Sunday School class, to serve on a community project, or to preach. Shortly before his death he had taught a young adult class in our church for a special study and only twelve days before his death he preached a homecoming service at Peachtree Methodist Church in Maggie Valley. His subject was 'We Need The Church' and he preached with power and conviction.

Mark received his B. D. degree from Duke Divinity School in June of 1930 and that fall at conference his name was read out for the Maysville Circuit in the Wilmington District. Times were different then and ministers were not told ahead of the reading of the appointments where they were to be sent. That year I sat with Mark for the last session of conference. We knew we were moving, for Carrboro was a student appointment. We were beginning to think we might have been forgotten, for the Wilmington District was the last district alphabetically and Maysville half-way through that. We breathed a sigh of relief when his name was called but relief was short-lived when we found that Maysville Circuit consisted of seven churches. Afterward he said in fun that it took a big preacher to serve so many churches at once. And I confirm that the best one was chosen to try to serve seven churches as well as it was possible. Our little yellow and blue sport roadster travelled many many miles serving this work. Most of the roads were poor dirt roads and many times we were stuck in the mud and had to be pulled out. There were two churches far into the pocosins (this is an Indian word meaning dismal swamp). Almost every afternoon we would start calling and would make from six to eight calls before our return to our parsonage in Maysville. Sometimes we found our people grading tobacco and we learned how to sort and tie the hands of tobacco with them. Sometimes we would find them killing hogs. Nearly always we would return home with a gift of eggs, butter, sausage or goodies that farm people had in abundance and delighted in sharing with their preacher and his wife. The sausage was the stuffed kind and I had it by the yards. Some of the women told me to fry the sausage, put it in jars and seal and then turn the jars upside down. The sausage would then be enclosed in its congealed fat and would be preserved. We learned that folk were sensitive about gifts and were hurt if we refused their

offerings. And so even if I had enough of a commodity I accepted each offer. There is an art in accepting gifts graciously, for usually the donor is blessed in giving. These gifts helped us face the hard times. These were depression days, the banks had closed and those who had had money had either lost it or it was tied up. Cotton was selling for five cents a pound, pigs for five cents per pound. I remember Mark saying he could go to the grocery store and for twenty-five cents get a two-pound fryer, a dozen eggs and come home with a penny change. The women of our churches saved the eggs that the hens laid on Sunday for the orphanage and we sold them to Mother Lawrence and her friends in New Bern.

Mark preached three times each Sunday, at 11:00, 2:00, and at night, driving miles from one church to another. He had a vacation church school, revival meeting, and Sunday School teacher-training courses in each of the seven churches each summer. He also had prayer meeting in the Maysville church each Wednesday evening. In our early years there was always prayer meeting on Wednesday evening but as time went on it was harder and harder to get people to come to prayer meeting and at last they were discontinued. I wonder if any Methodist church has the traditional prayer meeting any more. Most of our members were farmers and they sold their farm products after harvest just before our annual conference which met in November then. That meant they paid the preacher most of his salary in October and November. The first ten months of the year we managed the best we could. They did give us the plate collection each Sunday which ranged from fifty cents to five dollars. Whatever it was, we had to make it stretch until the next Sunday and hope that it would not rain and keep the people from church. We had a wood range in the kitchen and heated our other rooms by wood and so for recreation Mark cut wood and took pride in his woodpile. He also made a garden and it was one of the best ones we ever

had. We tried to raise chickens and Mark would set a hen in early spring and we would wait patiently for our baby chicks to hatch. We did have trouble at one time, for rats found them and played havoc until we made a rat-proof enclosure. We had two beautiful fig bushes at this parsonage and could share the figs with others. One time I preserved ten quarts of them. This parsonage had no running water but we did have electricity. The water source was a hand pump situated on a passageway between two sections of our house. The front section had two bedrooms and a living room, the back section consisted of the dining room and kitchen. On winter mornings it was cold to have to cross the porch to get to the kitchen. Sometimes the pump would freeze and Mark poured hot water down the spout to get the water started again. Mark always arose first and started a fire in our bedroom and then went across the passage to start one in the kitchen range. And then I ventured out from under the warm cover. Our electric bill was one dollar per month and our only other regular bill was one dollar per week for the laundry woman. That was my one luxury.

Mark was not known for building churches - that is, of the physical plants. He did build an educational addition or two and converted one school building into a beautiful little sanctuary. He did a lot of getting church debts paid which had been incurred by predecessors. But his first building improvement was at this parsonage. Soon after our arrival on my first trip down the path to the outhouse I was dumfounded at what I found. The half-rotten shack was leaning at a precarious angle and entrance was forbidding. I made a retreat and reported to Mark. He in turn went to the proper committee and in a day or two we had a brand new two-seater. I've often wondered how the minister and his family who had just left managed.

Mark played tennis for fun and fellowship with the young men in the village, he refereed basketball games in the country, he spoke at all kinds of

civic meetings, preached commencement sermons. The ministers of these small towns were among the few educated men available. He had a few marriages and a lot of funerals. I remember one couple who came to the parsonage to be married. The boy explained to Mark that he had decided in an inspired moment to marry in early summer so that his wife could help with the crop planting. His wedding fee was fifty cents. In spite of it being depression times we thought that pretty cheap farm labor. Mark also acted in plays that the school put on to make some needed money for various causes. In fact, a young and handsome, talented minister was expected to do a variety of things. All this in addition to carrying on the work in the seven scattered churches.

I quote from a typical weekday. "I stayed in New Bern until after lunch, for Velma was doing some sewing (Mark's parents lived in New Bern, twenty-two miles away and I had no sewing machine). In afternoon went back into Black Swamp. This time went left of the main road and back through the swamps about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Mrs. Mary Collins and Mrs. George Meadows. The roads were terrible, and we could not run in high at all. After coming to the road we started in to see Mrs. Bettie Hagan and Mrs. D. L. Wood. These roads were even worse than the others and after we had gone about a quarter of a mile we got stuck; so Velma and I walked about three-fourths of a mile to the house. Came back and with Velma's help got car out and had to back it out to the main road, for we could not turn around. Also called on Mrs. A. J. Hagan, Mrs. Tom Collins, Mr. Jim Edwards, Mrs. Snow Jones, Mrs. E. F. Edwards, Mrs. L. H. Edwards, Mrs. G. E. Eubank. At night went to school house where juniors gave a play "The Eyes of Love". The day before we had called in the Black Swamp area on nine families. Quote, "Some of these homes are truly in the swamps and the majority are filthy beyond description". The first Sunday after we arrived in Maysville we had a funeral in this area. We went in by car a part of the way

and had to walk the remainder of the way to an unkempt burial ground. Even the truck carrying the body mired up and the pall bearers walked carrying the coffin. When we got to the burial ground the grave had not been dug and we had to wait for that. A drunken man leaned against the coffin and went to sleep. Finally the poor body was buried and we hurried on to our next preaching appointment. This was not typical at all but I was a bit depressed by the events of that first Sunday. We had many very fine people on this work. They were descendants from families who had been given land grants when the colony was under the rule of the king of England.

During our second year on this work there were at least two notable happenings. We traded the Jumpin' Jack for a new Chevrolet. This we had to pay for on the installment plan and it took some doing. Each month the payment was fifty dollars. Added to that was the expense for the gas for riding the circuit. Mark also was paying something off a college debt. It left precious little for other expenses out of a \$1302 salary, that means for a year, not a month. The salary had been set at \$1600 but could not be raised. The two years we were on the Maysville Circuit were the only times during forty-two years of ministry that Mark's salary was not paid in full but these were hard, hard years. The parishioners did try to pay their church and conference obligations. The stewards canvassed each member for their church pledges but they just did not have the money. One day Mark thought he would help with the conference collections and when he returned he had collected only a quart of molasses. Just before conference was to meet on our last year, in an attempt to pay the pledges, the people in Black Swamp gave eight small pigs to be applied to the salary. Mark bought five others and took them to Sanford by pulling a trailer. He sold the pigs to my brother, Orus, who gave him a better price than he could get on the local markets. He cleared \$29 for the church and made \$3 on those

he had bought for himself. It is laughable now, but it meant bread and butter in 1932.

XII

The most notable happening of that year was suggested in a quotation on our fourth wedding anniversary, "Today Velma and I have been married four years and they have been exceptionally happy ones. Now we are expecting a little baby to come live with us very soon." The baby did arrive on October 25, 1932. She was born in St. Luke's Hospital in New Bern, which was twenty-two miles from our home in Maysville. She was considerate and waited until the Sunday duties were over before she gave notice that her arrival was imminent. She has continued all her life to be the same considerate precious daughter. When they brought her to me for the first time, I thought she was the most beautiful baby that had ever been born. She weighed in at six pounds, was a breech delivery. The cost of the doctor and the two weeks in the hospital was \$76.25. I was allowed to go to Mark's parents' home from the hospital by ambulance and recuperated there for another week. This was not due to complications or my condition. It was just the way a new mother was cared for in those days. I fed my baby by breast; modern young women seem to think they have discovered breast feeding, but it has been going on since the beginning of time. At three months the baby had doubled her weight, at six months she weighed 15½ pounds. I supplemented her milk with Pablum, and she loved cod liver straight from the bottle. At nine months my milk was no longer good for her and Dr. Sidbury, a baby specialist, put her on lactic acid milk which I made by putting lactic acid drops into raw milk. She thrived on this formula.

To show how proud Mark was of our baby I will quote from his diary. "Getting more precious every day. She is a real pleasure in the home. She talks

and laughs and coos much of the time. She has grown so much in her ways and is so good. She has been much pleasure to us and living has been more worthwhile with her to care for and to play with." "At seven months can say 'da-da' and she is getting to be daddy's girl." I confirm, too, that Margaret Patterson Lawrence brought an extra dimension to our already happy home. It seems to me that this is the real beginning of what life is all about, the coming of a baby to parents who love each other and who really want the baby. We had been told by a specialist that due to an infantile uterus I might not be able to have a baby. This made us even more grateful that we were able to have Margaret.

When Margaret was six weeks old we were given a new assignment. The new circuit was the Chadbourn Circuit which was composed of four churches, the parsonage being at Chadbourn. The other churches were Evergreen, Fair Bluff, and Cerro Gordo. Chadbourn had the distinction just prior to our going there of having the largest strawberry market in the world. Strawberry season was exciting! We loved to see the farmers bring their crates of berries in to be sold and we enjoyed going to the fields where the berries were picked and graded and then crated. Since very ripe berries could not be shipped, we were given all the large, juicy berries that we could use. Gallons of ripe berries were thrown out every day. Someone missed a golden opportunity to start a jam factory. We had a church member, Mrs. Lula Yates, who provided us with sweet cream to go with the berries and we feasted like kings. I learned to make a drink from strawberries which was called strawberry acid. I've found the recipe which follows: 2½ ounces of tartaric acid dissolved in one pint of water. Crush berries, six pounds of them, add acid, and let stand 48 hours. Strain. Add one cup of sugar to each cup of juice. Stir until dissolved and seal in bottles. I haven't had strawberry acid in forty-five years but I thought it was

delicious then. For strawberry shortcake the women in this area used a short pie crust instead of sponge cake. I still make my shortcake as they did. We also made sun-cured preserves. We boiled the berries for three minutes in a heavy syrup and then put the concoction in shallow pans with a pane of glass to cover them and placed them in the sun. When moisture collected under the glass, the glass was turned over and this process continued until the preserves were thick. This is a most delicious sweet.

Our four years on the Chadbourn Circuit were extremely challenging, for we were going through changes in the nation. We continued to try to improve our living conditions by planting shrubbery, flowers, and a vegetable garden. Mark set hens and we grew our own fryers and gathered our own eggs. Some days he travelled as much as sixty-five miles in his pastoral duties. The spring broke in the free-wheeling system of our new car and the repair bill was the big sum of \$4.00.

Some quotes from Mark's diary during 1933: "Five years ago Velma and I were married and these five years have been happy. She has been and is kind, loving, thoughtful, and true. She has meant much to me in my work and in my life. She is an ideal mother, wife, and sweetheart." Can you imagine how much these words meant to me when reading them for the first time over forty years later? I have no regrets in sublimating my life to his and not insisting in having my way at times. Yes, sometimes I became tired of the minister's wife role and would have liked to have more freedom to do my own thing -- but now I am glad I bit my tongue and held my peace. I did not rebel against Mark, for he was most understanding but sometimes I wanted to "talk back" to some of the good sisters in the church.

January 1, 1933, a quote from Mark: "Today begins a new year, and we begin it in a feeling of uncertainty. The outlook is not very bright. No one

dares make any promising predictions. However I feel that we have passed over the worst of the financial depression and that slowly we shall bring ourselves from the grip of this which has brought suffering to many. But that which concerns me most is the present moral and spiritual life of the people -- the uncertainty of our so-called leaders in things moral and spiritual. It looks as though the Prohibition Amendment in state and nation will be repealed and that all drink will be legalized. Such indicates the low ebb to which we have sunk and also how the curse for filthy lucre has gripped the minds of our leaders. Our churches have a great task to perform. We ministers must ever be found faithful, and in order that I may not be found wanting in these times of need I begin the new year by resolving to live closer to my God -- to deepen my spiritual life, so that I may speak to the people out of a genuine experience. I propose to be more punctual and more faithful in my devotional life. I am looking forward to this year's work. Even though things are uncertain, I know that God will go with me to sustain me as I give myself to Him and His people in this hour. These times ought to challenge us preachers, and I know that even though there are heartaches and burdens of my people that I shall have to bear I shall find joy and happiness in ministering unto them in the name of God."

XIII

On March 4, 1933, another quote: "Today is Inauguration Day for President Franklin D. Roosevelt and the people will watch him during the coming year, for he takes over the helm of the nation in the midst of a great crisis. He has the authority to act." On the 6th a quote: "Today's papers carried the news that President Roosevelt had declared a holiday for all banks in the United States in order to save the banks. People were becoming fear-stricken and were

making runs on banks all over the country. People everywhere had no money, could get none. Checks are no good, so business is tied up. I have some checks given on my salary on Saturday and Sunday but they are no good and I gave most of my cash to the Presiding Elder. However, I do have credit and can get along without money for awhile." Another quote on March 10th. "Special session of congress called by Roosevelt extended bank holiday indefinitely. People everywhere are taking the matter in good humor and spirit. All seem to feel that we have a leader in the White House and are willing to trust all to him. I feel that the present step is best for the country, but time will reveal the wisdom of such act."

Another quote on March 12, 1933: "Due to the fact that banks are still closed collections today were practically nothing, but Fair Bluff people had the back end of my car filled with something to eat when I came out of church tonight. We shall not go hungry for awhile." This is an example of the love and care our people had for us.

The banks in Chadbourn opened on March 15 and indeed this act of President Roosevelt did prove to be a blessing. It seems to me in retrospect that in times of general crisis people are drawn together and strength garnered from others who are going through the same experience. I found this to be true in World War II. Practically every family from all walks of life, rich and poor, had loved ones in the service. People were rationed with food stamps and with gasoline. Some things were not available at all but people did take it all in stride, for our democracy demanded that everyone should share and sacrifice alike. Along about this time the House of Representatives passed a measure permitting 3.2% beer to be sold. The Senate followed suit. The Senate granted Roosevelt power to reduce the budget by one half billion dollars. What a change from today with the budget increasing by billions every year!

Life went on about the same. Instead of collecting eggs and pigs for benevolences and the orphanage, Mark asked the farmers to donate crates of strawberries on market day. One year we collected 36½ gallons of strawberry preserves for the orphanage. Our orphanage was always a popular cause with parishioners.

Before 1933 was over conditions over the country were improving and we were made happier to learn that we were to have another baby. On May 24, 1934, our second daughter made her appearance. She, too, started life by being considerate. Mark had gone across the district to Richlands to District Conference. He was away overnight and was the conference preacher for the night service. He arrived home in the late afternoon and during the night Dorothy warned us of her desire to come. Mark took our nineteen-month-old Margaret next door to a loving neighbor, Mrs. J. E. Koonce, and we started on our way to Lumberton, N.C., twenty-eight miles away, and the nearest hospital. I still recall what a brilliant moon was shining that night to light us on our way. Dorothy was so eager to greet us that I barely made it to the delivery room and the doctor nearly missed being there in time. Dorothy wanted to be like her sister and was also a breech delivery. It was many years before I learned that a breech delivery was more dangerous than the usual presentation of head first. The baby had to have an extra bit of spanking, and she says now that she continued to need a little more than her sister did. She was more of a fighter but both daughters can demonstrate courage when they have the need. Mark was a bit worried when he heard the doctor say, "I think she will be all right and the baby will live, too." I had lots of help when I got home from the hospital. Mark's sister, Isabel, came as did my mother. It was a happy time at our house. Peggy loved her "sissy boy" from the start. She called her father, "Daddy boy". Our Dorothy was named for my sister. The name "Dorothy" means "gift

from God" and in truth she has been that to us.

Life was more complicated now. With two babies I could not visit with Mark as much as before and my church activities had to be curtailed. Sometimes I would take the babies to the different communities, for everyone wanted to see them and we wanted our people to see our dear little girls.

My sister, Maisie, came to live with us for two years and she was a great help as a baby sitter. A movie theater was opened in Chadbourn and that afforded us a little entertainment. Maisie taught in the Chadbourn school. At the same time Mark's cousin, Marquis L. Wood, was living with us. His father, Uncle Tom, was in and out as was his brother, Phil. These boys were just beginning the Wood's five and ten cent stores which have now grown into a sizable chain and which Phil's sons now maintain. We learned from our mother to help each other when we could. We had no money to give but each one tried to help in other ways. Some of those days I felt that I had more to do than I could and almost lost patience at times. Our reimbursement for our boarders was a pro-rated share of the grocery bill. I threw in the cooking, cleaning, and bed as a part of my concern for two motherless boys and a widowed father. I'm sorry now that I lost my patience on occasions.

XIV

We served the Chadbourn charge for four years and moved from there to Person Circuit in Person County. This was going from the South Carolina border to the Virginia border. One could sense the change in locality by the accent of the people. This was a five-point circuit and seemed in some ways a demotion going from a four-point circuit, but the churches were stronger, the salary larger, and the parsonage nicer. If one showed any reservation about accepting a new charge in a happy spirit, the Presiding Elder defended his ac-

tion by telling the young preacher it was a challenging situation and he was needed to answer that particular challenge. I know of no charge that has not been a challenge. The parsonage was located in the pleasant town of Roxboro. On Sunday we loaded our little girls into the car and off to the country we would go. All of the churches were in the country. The farmers for the most part were well-to-do; one had been the master farmer of the year for North Carolina. They lived in modern homes, educated their children, served the most delicious food imaginable, and were devoted to their church. It was a delight to work with and serve them. On Sunday we always had dinner with one of the families, then went on a two o'clock appointment at another church. The little girls missed their afternoon rest but we could see no other way for me to have a part with Mark in his work. By the time the second service was over we were all exhausted and Mark would take the girls and me back home for a short rest and a simple evening meal. He then went alone back to the country for his evening service at another church. The folk in this area had a lovely custom of festivities between Christmas and Old Christmas; it must have derived from the twelve days of Christmas. Before the holidays they cooked hams, chickens, turkeys, pies, cakes, boiled custard, chess tarts, candies of all kinds, and many other goodies. Then they would visit from house to house and enjoy each other and partake of each other's bounty. Of course we were welcomed in these homes and Mark especially enjoyed the food. After we left the charge, Mark wanted me to make preparations such as the people on Person Circuit did so well. I am still using many of these recipes after forty-five years.

Twin calves were born to a cow of one of our members and the little calves were named Peggy and Dotty for our little girls. This was a source of amusement for us and the girls were pleased. Our daughters were so close in age that they were mistaken for twins whenever we moved to a new place. I quote

them, "We have to go through that twin business again."

Here our Peggy started to school and did well from the start. Dotty was pitiful in her loneliness for her sister and would stand at the window and watch for her coming in the afternoon. Here I had the misfortune to have a miscarriage. Our goal for a family was to have two boys and two girls. This was the beginning of a lesson in acceptance of a disappointment that I am still working on. It seems to me that the word "acceptance" is the answer to the things that we cannot change. Half the battle is won when we accept and start life again, forgetting the past and going on without bitterness.

We found a unique circumstance in one of the very old churches, Lee's Chapel. We had a black girl who was a member and she was accepted in a natural way without any controversy. This was back in 1934 long before the Civil Rights bill was passed. She lived in the home of a white couple where her mother had been a servant. The mother died and the girl was taken by the white family and treated as a member of the family. This is notable, for it took place in rural North Carolina before 1934.

XV

After three years on this work Mark was sent to Raleigh to merge two churches. These churches were being pushed out by industrial growth and downtown business. It was an almost impossible task, for the congregations were having pressure applied when they objected to the merger. To make matters worse, the Presiding Elder, who decided to form the merger, was moved at the same time that Mark was sent there and he had no support or cooperation. To add to the difficulty the little girls had bad cases of chicken pox and Peggy had pneumonia. I was pregnant and three weeks ahead of time had complications which resulted in a stillborn son after a Caesarian operation. This ended my

hopes of our having more children. This was a heart-breaking disappointment, but since that day, I have been able to comfort many young mothers who faced similar situations. The people of the church threw arms of love around us and helped us through this difficult time. Mark's health almost broke under the strain and the Bishop felt it wise to move him to a smaller, less exacting church. In spite of the hardships of the year, the foundation of the church was formed, both old churches were sold and the congregations worshipped together in a school building. The new church grew into an effective body in a few years. Here in Raleigh, Dotty started to school, the school being situated two blocks from my alma mater, Meredith College. Meredith has since been moved into a new plant on the western edge of Raleigh. While at Meredith I won a letter by walking 400 miles in one year. I got up early and walked four miles before breakfast. I walked by Dotty's school every morning, not dreaming that I would have a little girl attend this school one day. Dotty led her first grade class and she continued to hold this position through the years.

Perhaps this was the hardest year of our ministry, but important lessons were learned. When I was so ill in a semi-conscious state, for days I had a strange peace. Before I went into the operating room, I sensed the situation to be serious. I committed myself, Mark, and the little girls into God's keeping. I did ask Him to spare my life if it were within His will, for I felt the girls needed me. They were then six and seven and one-half years of age. He did spare me for over forty more years. Rarely do I ask God to grant me special things but my prayers are more for giving thanks and a commitment to Him and His will. I do ask that He be with me in whatever happens, for He has promised to be with us even unto the end of the world. So much has been written recently of life after this life. During the time of my semi-conscious state I kept seeing a beautiful, pleasant place with brightness and faces of smiling

babies, all so peaceful and happy. I don't know what all of this meant. I do know that I was grateful to get back home to my little family and to keep the children's pigtails plaited again. At this time their hair was parted in the middle with plaits on each side and we dressed them alike. A neighbor did the pigtails while I was in the hospital.

XVI

About this time there were rumors of wars and I remember how surprised and horrified I was to think that we could have another war. I was born in 1905 long after the Civil War was over but my maternal grandmother was so scarred by that conflict that she instilled in all of us the horrors of that time. Her father, Neill McLeod, was a casualty of that sad war, and she was fatherless at a very early age. Her mother had to manage the farm as best she could. The way she finally managed was to marry the overseer who turned out to be a fine man. We knew him as Grandpa Bain. But going back to my great grandfather who had died of wounds during the war, we, as great-grandchildren, always wept over how sad it was for him not to come home again. I'm sure there were ways even then for the family to have found his place of death and burial, but a young widow, left with two small children and her farm stripped of animals and equipment, did well if she managed to keep alive. It was only since 1971 that my brother, Neill, found that this ancestor had died of wounds in a prison in New York State and is buried at Elmira. This great-grandfather was Neill McLeod whose forbears had migrated from Scotland to western Harnett County before 1800. As a teenager I was affected by World War I personally, for my mother's younger brothers were involved in that. That war was supposed to end all wars. I was naive enough to believe that when the Kellogg Peace Pact was signed that that would indeed end all wars. And so, when another war threat-

ened in 1939, I thought it just could not happen.

We moved that year to Mt. Gilead, N.C., a small town of just over nine hundred people in the southwest corner of our conference. It is a beautiful part of the state with small mountains and the Peedee River flowing through. The Uwharrie Range of mountains is in this area. A geologist told me that these were the oldest mountains in this country. They are so old that they are worn down to small hills, but the same flora is found there that grows in the higher mountains of western North Carolina. The first gold found in North Carolina was mined nearby.

Mt. Gilead illustrated at that time the power of the influence of one man. This man was one whom they called Professor Skeen. He had a private school and must have been an excellent pedagogue who instilled confidence and ambition in his pupils. At any rate, we found in our congregation people who were over eighty years of age who were college graduates. There was a Dr. Ingram who at that time was the oldest living graduate of Jefferson Medical College and a Mrs. Stanback, mother of the Stanback who concocted Stanback for Pain medicine, who was the oldest graduate of Greensboro College. Many doctors and professional men were products of Professor Skeen's school.

Since both the girls were in school now, I started visiting with Mark again. We walked most of the time, for most of our people lived within short distances from the parsonage and soon after we moved there gasoline was rationed. Our lives slowed down and Mark learned to relax which was what he needed. He had only about 450 members and for the first time, there was time for golf and a little fun time. But this sort of Eden did not continue for long, for one Sunday afternoon in December we were listening to the radio and the devastating announcement of the attack on Pearl Harbor was made. For the first time in my life I completely went to pieces. My whole body seemed to

freeze and I started to shake and could not stop. That evening at church I could not take part in the service, for by then I had started weeping and could not stop. I really was personally involved this time. The announcement kept being repeated, "We don't know at this time if the Japanese have invaded the other islands or not." My two doctor brothers, Harold and William, were living with their families on the islands of Maui and Hawaii. Not knowing what had happened to them was more than I could handle. It was four days later that my mother received a cable saying that all of them were safe. As I have said before, the anxiety of not knowing is worse than the knowledge of a difficult problem or a sad happening, for when we know we muster strength and courage to face the problem. One needs to learn patience in order to wait.

Gas and food were rationed for many months and we were confined to the bounds of our work. The monotony was broken soon after by war maneuvers which took place in our county. These soldiers were a part of our National Guard from the New England area and were among the first to be sent to the Pacific area. We did all that we could to entertain these young men on the weekends. I always had some in my guest room when they were on leave and more for Sunday dinner. These northern boys loved southern fried chicken. They played with our little girls and were glad to be in a home and to have a bath after camping in the woods all week. The church women served cookies, sandwiches, and drinks to all who came by. I remember making dozens of doughnuts and they disappeared as fast as they were put out. I soon used up my sugar allotment. There were thousands of these boys, and a few of us, but we did what we could for them. The women of the town rolled bandages and knitted woolen scarves to be sent overseas. We bought liberty bonds.

One church service stands out as a beautiful experience to me. It was World Communion Sunday and the altar was filled many times with khaki-clad boys

kneeling in prayer. I'm sure these boys came from all churches and classes of society but that day all of us were united in purpose and hope. On every World-Wide Communion Sunday my mind goes back to this meaningful day so long ago. Two of these boys who had dinner with us that day were Catholics and they said it was the most helpful service that they had ever attended. I feel that everyone in the church was blessed by the service that day. Many of these boys were to leave soon never to return home again. The next week we learned that the Catholic boys had been censured by the Catholic chaplain when he heard that they had participated in a Protestant service. I'm mentioning this episode to show the change that has occurred since that day between Catholic and Protestant relationships and I rejoice that they can work and worship together now.

The last year that we were in Mt. Gilead the principal of the high school appealed to me to take the place of a teacher who had to leave in November because she was pregnant. He said it was my duty as a citizen and there was a shortage of teachers due to the war. I consented to do this but only after I had the principal's permission to allow Mark to have lunch with me in the school lunchroom. I taught chemistry and history until the close of the term in June. Another radical change today is regarding pregnant teachers. In most places they are allowed to teach until just days before delivery. Formerly a pregnant teacher was asked to stop teaching at least by the time her pregnancy was evident.

We had a beautiful vegetable garden and my flowers were never prettier. We bought raw milk from a neighbor and on occasions I would find a gift of a load of cow manure dumped near my flowers. I learned then that this method of fertilizing for flowers is the secret of success with them. Since that time I have wished many times for a load of Mr. Ingram's cow manure.

The girls started taking piano lessons here, and, though neither became a

great pianist, they at least learned enough to enjoy playing and to appreciate good music. We had bought the piano just before moving to Mt. Gilead. We had our first and only pet here. It was a black cat which we named 'Inky'. Inky was not completely house-broken and I lost patience from time to time, but the girls liked him. When we were moved, Inky was not around when we were ready to leave and we left without him. My thought was that now my cat problems would be resolved. But we had gone only a few miles when the girls convinced us that we should return and look for him. And so we turned around and went back to look for Inky. And there Inky was, waiting for us. We put him in the car and along the way he got car sick. We finally reached Durham where our new church was located. I'm afraid Inky was never happy in Durham, for one night he did not come home. He must have become frustrated by city traffic coming, as he did, from a small town or perhaps he travelled all the way back to Mt. Gilead. Pets are nice in some situations but parsonages are not the best place for them. I have followed too many people who have had dogs and the houses are usually in bad shape because of them. I had enough experience with fleas long ago in Mann's Harbour.

XVII

At the end of four years we were appointed to Asbury Church in Durham. This church is located just off the Woman's College campus of Duke University. The church was responsive to Mark's ministry and he had to increase the tempo of his activity. He has said many times that a city church with competition from other churches keeps one busy just to hold the status quo and not to slip backward. The choir here was an exceptional one with a talented choir director and organist and hardworking choir members. We enjoyed the cultural opportunities afforded at nearby Duke University.

The girls went through elementary school and into junior high here. Peggy went for two of our last years to Durham High School. Both girls continued to excel in school work and were a continuous joy to us. Both girls became Girl Scouts and their troop met in a room at the parsonage for their weekly meetings. For the first time I was living close enough to see my mother often, for she was living in Chapel Hill, having moved there in 1933. This was an added blessing to me. There was one little lady in our church who has inspired me through the years. She was a simple little woman, some might have called her underprivileged, for she made a living by working in a cotton mill. But she had a great faith and one felt that she was on very close terms with God. When she prayed she addressed God as "you" instead of the formal "thou". This was before these informal days now when it is a common practice to say "you". One knew when she called God "you" He was as close to her as hands and feet. I think that it is important to talk to God and feel that He is near and the words are not of much significance.

Until the time we moved to Durham we had gone to many, many church dinners on the grounds. At least once a year it was traditional to have such a dinner. Members from far away tried to return for these occasions to see old friends and enjoy good country cooking also. The biggest problem was to make proper choices among all the pies and cakes and all the good things to eat. Each family asked the guests to try some of its ham, fried chicken, or sweets. If eating too much is a sin, then all of us were sinners. When we moved to Durham these homecoming dinners changed into what was called covered-dish dinners. They became increasingly popular and grew into family-night suppers which occurred almost monthly. When we retired I told Mark I would be relieved not to have to take a covered-dish to church so regularly. My relief was premature, for when I became a part of the First United Methodist Church in Waynesville,

I found that the covered-dish supper was a regular part of the church program. But I found, too, that these mountain people are great cooks and the fellowship with them is a privilege. The price of preparing a covered-dish is small enough to pay for a good supper and association with Christian friends. It is surely better than eating alone.

XVIII

As was the usual pattern, we moved at the end of four years. This time it was the longest move that we had made, all the way from Durham to Elizabeth City. We moved into a charming eighty-year-old parsonage. The church was First Church, and the people wonderful to work with. They, at least, thought that no church excelled theirs. Elizabeth City is a very old city, situated on the banks of the Pasquotank River and a short distance from the Atlantic Ocean. It was from here that Mark and I had left by the boat, the Hattie Creef, on our honeymoon trip to our first work at Mann's Harbour. Our parsonage was six feet above sea level. When we first went to Elizabeth City we felt that it was a long way from the center of things and from most of our friends and relatives. After being there a year the people had made us so welcome we came to love it and we came to feel that Elizabeth City was the center of our lives and every other place was a long way from there. The girls were both in high school now and Margaret was graduated from there, second in her class. She played the part of "Marmee" in the senior play, "Little Women", and we thought she did an unusually good bit of acting. It was during this time that she had her first date and learned to drive a car. Dotty was on the staff of the school yearbook and led in other projects.

A friend said to us once, "You have fallen into a tub of butter." He was referring to the many weddings that Mark was called upon to conduct. Nor-

folk, Virginia, was nearby where many Navy men were stationed. In Virginia marriage laws required a longer waiting period than in North Carolina, hence the young people who were in a hurry would come to get married. I mentioned earlier that the minister's wife traditionally got the wedding fee and so I usually had money to spend. Much of my extra money went into frills for the girls, formals and finery such as teen-age girls like. By this time Mark's salary was very good and we were not as strapped for money as in former times. The girls had learned to sew while in Durham and we made most of our dresses and I did my own hair. Our last summer in Elizabeth City we had two weeks after our vacation to get Margaret ready for her freshman year at Duke University. Margaret, Dorothy, and I made fourteen garments in fourteen days. When Margaret left for college in September all of us had a great adjustment to make, especially Dorothy who missed her dreadfully. They had never been separated before. But she soon got busy with her school activities and we began our new life without her.

Mark left for our annual conference which was meeting in Kinston in November. Dotty and I were to join him for the weekend. I was keeping busy by washing windows when I had a telephone call from Mark telling me the startling news that the Bishop was moving us to Queen Street Church in Kinston. We had been in Elizabeth City only two years. We loved the people there and they loved us and the church was making progress. Mark had not been informed of the Bishop's thinking prior to conference and none of us were prepared for it. Bishop Peele felt that Mark was needed in the Kinston church, for the Dupont Company was opening a new plant there and hundreds of people were expected to move to the area. Queen Street Church was the only Methodist church there and others would need to be started. Again Mark was faced with a challenging situation and this time it really was a challenge. Mark was equal to the undertaking.

When I told Dotty about the telephone call on our way to Kinston, she started crying and I tried to reassure her that it would work out all right and for the best. I wasn't so sure myself. She got herself under some control but when she saw her father outside the church waiting for us she melted into tears again. Some of the Kinston young people saw how she felt and their hearts went out to her and they took her into their group and were so kind and considerate to her that in two weeks time she was happy again. She did have to change her language from French to Spanish in November but had caught up with her class by Christmas. Conference was changed soon after that and now meets in June which is much better for children who are in school. Our daughters never had trouble changing schools scholastically but they were shy and it took them awhile to adjust socially. We were very proud that the next year in her senior year Dotty was valedictorian of her class and had to make her speech and was chief marshall. Many of the young people who were kind to her then have been her life-long friends. Several of them went on to Duke University with her.

The other side of the coin of our move to Kinston was that the people of Elizabeth City were upset, hurt that Bishop Peele did not think they also needed a strong preacher, for they felt their church was a choice one and it was. They formed a delegation and rode to Kinston to try to change the Bishop's mind but to no avail. We were hurt, too, for we loved our folk at First Church. We enjoyed being near Nag's Head in summer time, liked our old parsonage, and were interested in that part of our state where our early history began. We felt a link with the past.

But in retrospect Mark said he thought his Kinston years were his most fruitful. Queen Street Church was made up of wonderfully fine and responsive people. The church program was rejuvenated, many new people became a part of it, and the benevolent and missions programs, both at home and abroad, were greatly enlarged. We supported college students at home and abroad and helped foreign students in the United States. Mark was able to inspire some wealthy people in our church to add extra dimensions in their sharing. And there was wealth in our church, much of it resulting from the tobacco industry. That brings up another moral question. The well-being, economically, in much of eastern North Carolina is dependent upon the growth and sale of tobacco. Should the church sanction it in any way? Some preachers and others say the money may be earned in a harmful way but when it is given to the church and used for God and His glory it is justified. I'm sure there must be a right answer to this problem but I don't know the solution. Perhaps we should substitute other crops that supply food or other beneficial crops for people. I find that I cannot fight the tobacco industry and one needs to serve with love and understanding wherever he finds himself. Mark was always outspoken in his belief that tobacco and strong drink were harmful to the human body. In Elizabeth City he led a fight against pari-mutuel betting which had been proposed for the area and he antagonized some influential members in the church. They argued that ministers should stay out of things of that nature, not realizing that ministers are interested in, and have a responsibility to, all facets of man's life and welfare. Pari-mutuel betting was defeated. Ministers cannot know the answers to all questions of politics, economics, etc., but they can speak out on moral and other ethical matters. The church should minister to the complete life of man. It should help him increase in wisdom, stature, and in his

relationship with God and man.

Mark always accepted what the Bishop and his cabinet decided about his appointment. Many times in later years he was asked where he might like to go. He always said, "Wherever you think I am needed, my appointment is in your hands". Though we might have liked to put roots down and stay forever in a place that we had come to love, we knew we belonged to a connectional church and the needs of churches and abilities of preachers needed to be met from time to time.

After two years in Kinston, Dotty left us to go to Duke University and we had to adjust to being alone again after nearly twenty-five years. The girls left a big vacancy but it left us more time for each other and we loved working and playing together. I started playing golf with Mark and that was fun.

We were allowed to stay at Queen Street for six happy years, a record for us. Before Mark left, two new churches had been organized and built and one old church reopened. At the same time Queen Street continued to grow. We had several young men from our church who became ministers and who are now serving in useful fields. The spirit and morale were so good that wonderful things were always happening. This shows something of what can be done when the congregation and the pastor work together with enthusiasm and love.

Here our Peggy was married to William H. Weir in our church by her father and given in marriage by her grandfather, Larry C. Lawrence. We thought she was lovely in her lace wedding gown and the wedding pretty. The people of the church helped us with lovely details of the pre-wedding plans, gave parties, beautiful gifts, provided flowers, catered the reception, and assisted in untold ways. I could never have handled all of this alone. Now we hoped we had not lost our Margaret but that we had gained a son. And for twenty-three years

we counted Bill a member of our family.

At the end of that summer, in August, the congregation gave Mark a trip to the Holy Land. He had gone to England to the World Methodist Conference some years before and he said he would never go abroad again without me. And so we borrowed the necessary money and I went along. It was my first trip on an aeroplane, and my first trip out of the country except for a thrust into Canada. It was quite an experience to board a plane at Kennedy Airport in New York City and land in Cairo, Egypt, in the middle of a moonlight night on the edge of the desert. Jets were just being started and we flew on a four-motored regular plane. We had to refuel in Gander, Paris, Rome, and Athens. We were in flight thirty hours or more and dead tired when we got to our hotel. The hotel was the Mena House on the edge of the desert and from our balcony we could see the familiar pyramids. The taxi that took us from the airport to the hotel went through the city and had to go around and swerve to avoid hitting camels, donkeys, and people. There seemed to be no rules for driving at all. I thought I was dreaming, for I was half asleep anyway. And the taxi driver drove like mad as we found they did all over the Middle East. I felt like a queen when we finally got to our room with the canopied bed and the curtain to draw around it to keep out the mosquitoes. A book could be written about this trip to the Bible lands which I will forego here. Our guide told us that Holy Land was a misnomer, for it had been anything but holy throughout its long history. Certainly this truth has been borne out in recent years. I will say that we did see the King Tut treasures in the Cairo Museum and also went into his tomb in the Valley of the Kings near Luxor. We were in the Bible lands in 1955 and the experience was most rewarding. It made the Bible come alive for us. We saw and felt the shade of a rock in a weary land. We also saw a sheep fold made of rock without a movable door. The guide told us that the shepherd

lay across the opening at night and became the door. Then the saying of Jesus was clear when he said, "I am the door." That trip was fifteen years before Mark's retirement and I've often thought of how helpful it would have been to his early ministry and his understanding of the Bible if he could have gone years before. More and more of our young ministers are finding ways to go now and I am glad they can. We were thankful to be able to go when we did. Though the new country of Israel was eight years old at that time there was not the fighting that has erupted since. However, there was much bitterness among the Arabs when we were there, and I wondered then if the difficulty could ever be resolved. I still wonder!

In our last year at Kinston we were made happier by the birth of our first grandchild, Deborah Margaret Weir. Life then became very full. Grandparent-hood is a great feeling, one of pure enjoyment. We made every possible excuse to visit them in Wilson which was about fifty miles away.

Dotty was graduated from Duke University during our last year in Kinston and ironically we were moved to Durham to Trinity Church that June. One hundred one years before, in 1855, Dotty's great-grandfather, Marquis L. Wood, had been graduated from Normal College which later grew into Trinity College, then Duke University. He, with his bride, had sailed on the "Seaman's Bride" to China in 1859.

XX

Trinity Church, Durham, in my estimation, is the most beautiful church building in the North Carolina Conference. It is made of stone and in the Gothic style. It had the reputation of being a hard church to serve. I remember hearing Mark say but not really meaning it, "I hope I will never be sent to Trinity Church." But both of us fell in love with the people and thoroughly

enjoyed our four years there. Trinity is the mother church of Methodism in Durham. It was during this time the Civil Rights decision was handed down by the Supreme Court and from time to time we had black people come to worship or to test us. There was a little mumbling but our people made the adjustment in a Christian way. Again I was living close to my mother, and, on the days that Mark had Rotary Club, I went to spend the day with her. We would go to the grocery store, the bank, and do any errands that she needed to do. Then we enjoyed having lunch together. This was a privilege and a good fortune to me.

We had a craft class in the church for anyone who desired to participate. Here I learned to hook rugs and here I made some very close and dear friends. I taught in the primary department of the Sunday School as I had done in most of our former churches.

In our fourth year at Trinity our beloved grandson, John Mark Weir, was born. At last we had a boy in the family and we were glad. He was baptized by Mark at Trinity and wore his great-grandfather's christening dress. Debbie had been baptized in this dress in Centenary Church in New Bern the summer after she was born. Mark just beamed when he held her in his arms and performed this sacrament. We were visiting Mark's family in New Bern that day and it was from this church that Mark had been given his license to preach on June 1, 1927. The license reads, "The bearer hereof, Marquis Wood Lawrence, having been duly recommended by the Quarterly Conference of Centenary Charge, and having been examined, as the Discipline directs, by a committee of the District Conference of the New Bern District of the North Carolina Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is hereby authorized to preach the gospel, according to the rules and regulations of said church." This was signed by J. C. Wooten, president, and B. B. Slaughter, secretary.

It was about this time that we decided to buy a plot of ground at Lake

Junaluska with the idea of building a small house for vacation use. We had been on many vacations to Lake Junaluska, sometimes renting a house, sometimes staying at the Terrace Hotel, or taking an apartment. Mark and I both loved this part of the state. He was born in Statesville at the foot of the red hills. I must have inherited my love for the high lands from a remote Scots ancestor. We built a small house on our lot in 1965 and it was a great feeling to have a house to call our own, the first that we had ever owned. Though we had, for the greater part of our ministry, lovely homes to live in, there is no feeling like having a place of one's own. I just wish that every family could own its own home. It would give everyone motive and purpose to keep the world beautiful. Even the animals and birds like to establish territory.

XXI

In 1960 we were moved from Trinity Church to the Goldsboro District. The Bishop appealed to Mark to serve on a district, said he was needed, and "challenged" him again. This Mark had always avoided when given a choice, but he finally decided it might give an extra dimension to his ministry to serve in this capacity. Our parsonage was situated in Goldsboro. We served six years on this district and Mark drove thousands of miles to serve it as best he could. When we first went on the district our churches were found in ten counties. We travelled from Pitt to Bladen, to Cumberland, Johnston, Wayne, Wilson, Lenoir, Greene, Duplin, Sampson. We missed having our own beloved congregation but came to feel that our ministers were a part of a close-knit family. These men and their families have continued to be our friends. We entertained them in our home with a dinner at least once each year. It took me four evenings to make the rounds with about twenty each evening. The parsonage here was unique in many ways. Business had grown up around it and we had no close neigh-

bors. But we had three or four acres of lawn and a small pond. We planted pine trees, azaleas, fig bushes, and a scuppernong vine. There were four master bedrooms and three baths. Each bedroom had a balcony. There were forty-eight windows and forty-eight venetian blinds. After six years of trying to keep the windows and blinds clean, I did not want to see another venetian blind ever again.

For three years while in Goldsboro my mother lived with us. We were happy to provide a home for her after she was not able to live alone and we felt blessed by having her with us. That meant that my brothers and sisters visited us often and we had many happy reunions when our home was Mama's home. Goldsboro was about sixty miles from New Bern and Mark's family also visited us frequently. Best of all, Wilson was about thirty-five miles away and Peggy, Bill, Debbie and John Mark could be enjoyed. We made every excuse to go to see them and it was exciting to watch Debbie and John Mark grow and develop.

I acted as Mark's secretary when he was on the district. He paid me the big sum of the hourly minimum wage. I did not get rich, but with that money I helped build and furnish the house at Lake Junaluska.

While on the Goldsboro District we had our first sadness after many years without a death in the immediate family. Mark's mother had died suddenly in 1941 and his brother, Larry C. Lawrence, Jr., died suddenly while we were in Elizabeth City. Mark's father died suddenly on September 20, 1961. He was eighty-five years of age and was getting dressed to go to work when he collapsed. He was a happy man and always saw good in people and had an optimistic attitude toward life. All little children loved and adored him and he loved all little children. I loved him as I would have my own father. Mother Lawrence had been a saintly woman and lived unselfishly for her family.

Then on July 29, 1964, my mother, Mattie Fuquay Patterson, died in her

sleep after she had broken a hip nineteen days previously. She was eighty-three years of age. She was a wisp of a woman but very strong and beautiful in character. We missed her dreadfully, for she had made her home with us for nearly three years. At the beginning of 1965 my brother, O. F. Patterson, Sr., died with cancer after a long and painful illness. We were glad that my mother was spared the feeling of loss of her first-born. The loss of a child is hard for parents, for it is not the usual order of life.

After my mother and brother died, my brother Harold reminded me that I was the oldest member of my big family and that I had a big responsibility to keep them in order. I was made aware that life does bring changes, one generation passes and another assumes the role of carrying on and holding things together. Harold called me the "matriarch". I looked up the meaning of the word and Mr. Webster said it means "a woman who is head of her family and descendants." It has been a little difficult for me to realize that my family might be looking to me for leadership, for I still feel too young and unwise to be of much help. But I am trying to keep our family from growing apart and we are trying to see each other as much as possible. This summer, on July 19, 1980, we are planning a Patterson reunion with Chapel Hill for headquarters. We hope to go to Sanford for our big dinner and meet where we had our last reunion thirty-seven years ago.

XXII

The Discipline required that we move at the end of six years on the district and we went to Front Street Methodist Church in Burlington. This was to be our last charge. I think of our forty-two years in the ministry as being like a large pie, cut in various-sized pieces. Two years here, four there, six in another place, etc. This last slice was a nice one, the church beautiful,

the parsonage adequate and lovely in every respect, the people friendly and responsive. Mark had plenty of assistants on the staff and money did not seem to be a problem. We made many friends there who are still my good friends and many drop by to see me from time to time which is always a pleasure to me. They have been so very supportive in recent years when I have needed courage and strength. For the first time in Mark's ministry, I taught an adult class of women who were my contemporaries. I have always worked with children's groups in other churches. The night before the morning I was to teach this class for the first time I did not go to sleep at all. I had put hours of study on the lesson but I kept going through it during that long night. I feared standing before these women, for I felt that I was not capable of teaching older people. But I got through the lesson and had a freedom in speaking that I could not imagine. I really believe that God gave me help after I had done my best. I could feel a rapport with these women and from then on I taught the class with confidence. I could feel their support and love and I believe that was the beginning of finding myself as a person, more worthy than I had thought myself before. I should have tried this when I was a younger woman. I think now that I failed Mark and my Creator when I made excuses not to appear before people and speak my thoughts.

The first summer that we were in Burlington we went to London for the World Methodist Conference. This was a great trip. While there the T. B. Houghs, the R. L. Jeromes, and Mark and I hired a car and drove on the wrong side of the road to the Wesley country. On our first night from London we stayed at a four-hundred-year-old inn in Huntington, said to have been owned by Oliver Cromwell's grandfather at one time. It was a charming place and the service and food wonderful and reasonable. The inner court was still closed at 11 o'clock at night. We stopped by Coventry and I had an awesome feeling

when I stood before the altar in the burned-out hull of the old cathedral and read the inscription there. Then we walked through the arcade to see the new cathedral rising out of the ashes of the old. The beautiful thing about some of the memorials was that they were erected by the very German soldiers who had bombed out the cathedral and who were begging for forgiveness and pleading for peace among all men. Mark was thrilled to stand on the tomb of John Wesley's father in the church yard at Epworth and where John Wesley had preached when he was refused the pulpit in the church. Again Mark was happy to stand in the pulpit in Wesley's Chapel in London.

Another summer while at Burlington, we went to Hawaii on our vacation to visit my brother and his wife, William and Dorothy. We stayed in their guest tea house high on the mountain outside of Wailuku. From the balcony of their beautiful home we could see the volcanic peak of Haleakala, which is over 10,000 feet high. On this mountain a strange flower is found, the silver sword plant, this being one of the few places in the world that it grows. William took us one day to the village of Hana which is on the other side of the island. It was there that Harold took Louise as a bride many years before. The road to Hana had scores of precipitous curves hundreds of feet above the blue Pacific. Along the way we saw lush, exotic flowers and plants. There were many waterfalls, for that is the rainy side of the island. For a hobby William grows orchids of all kinds and they are a joy to see.

XXIII

When Mark announced from his pulpit, sometime in April of 1970, that he would be retiring at conference our people were dumbfounded. They begged him to reconsider -- said that he was too young to retire. He told them that he was sixty-eight years of age, and beginning to be tired, and he felt that a

younger man was needed to face the changes and challenges of our age. No one seemed to realize that he was sixty-eight, for he was agile and young in spirit. In fact he told them if they had known that he was sixty-four when he went to Front Street they would have turned him down. Most churches seem to prefer a man of about forty-five or fifty. I feel that a man is just beginning to be wise and able to succor his flock after he has done some living with its problems, joys, and suffering. At any rate we did retire. I think it is good to leave a place before the people begin to wish that you would leave. I am glad that Mark retired before he was completely worn out. So many of our friends have waited until the required age of seventy-two and have found that it was too late to make a new life. But I can truthfully say that our seven years of retired life together were among our happiest. I thank my God that we had those beautiful years together at work and play without stress. Now the memories sustain me.

I want to share an excerpt from the pastor's desk in the church bulletin of our last Sunday in Front Street and this is a quotation: "What a thrilling climax to 42 years in the ministry was Sunday, May 31 - 648 present at both services; Jack and Pamela Plymale baptized and received into the church by vows at the early service; and in the second service, three precious babies baptized, four new members, and Bibles given to 26 of our 30 high school graduates. At the close of the service, Dr. Paul Abernethy, chairman of Pastor-Parish Relations Committee, gave a very touching expression of appreciation for my years in the ministry and my ministry in this church. He also presented a gift of a beautiful 'Accutron Bulova Day/Date' watch with the inscription on the back, 'Mark Lawrence - Friends - Front Street Church - 1970', and a check for \$1575.00. For us an unforgettable day.

Along with these expressions of love and appreciation have come many other

wonderful gifts, flowers, dinners, letters, notes and verbal expressions of appreciation. So many of you came to the reception given by the Women's Society and Wesleyan Service Guild to speak of your love.

All these expressions have humbled us and make us feel unworthy; yet how wonderful it is to go into retirement with such fond and happy memories of you with love and best wishes. We shall always cherish our four years at Front Street, for these years have been among our very finest in a long and happy ministry. We thank God for this privilege of serving this church.

On Tuesday morning, June 9, we shall be moving to Lake Junaluska. Our address will be 28 Golf Course Road, Waynesville, N.C. 28786. Tel. 704-456-6869.

Upon adjournment of the conference on Friday, we shall go to New Bern to visit my two sisters, to Wilson to spend the night with our daughter and family. It is our plan to return to Burlington Sunday afternoon.

Next Sunday there will be a new voice in the pulpit. Our church is fortunate to have this new man (unless last-minute changes are made) for he is a capable and dedicated leader with the warm heart of a pastor. You will love him as you have loved your other ministers and will give him your loyal support. I covet for him your love and your prayers, in confidence that Front Street will continue to have an effective ministry to all men.

So we bid you adieu and invite you to visit us if you go to the mountains. It will be good to be with you again. My prayer is that God may bless and keep you always." Paragraphs from the same news sheet are as follows: "We are grateful to Mr. Lawrence for giving 50 books from his personal library to Front Street Church library." Also: "Our deep love and appreciation will follow the Lawrences to their home at Lake Junaluska. As we look to the future, let us remember these inspiring words from Mr. Lawrence's last sermon as our pastor: 'My

hope for the church is rooted in the fact that the church is of God.' He has given to the members of this church a life and ministry rooted in this hope. For this, we will always be grateful."

Mark loved the church and in looking back over his sermon subjects, I find that he usually preached on the church when he first went to a charge and most of the time his last message was on the church in some of its aspects. His very last sermon just a few days before his death was on "We Need The Church."

XXIV

In June 1970 we moved into our little house at Lake Junaluska. We found that our budget would not allow us to maintain an apartment and the cottage at the lake and we decided to make our lake home a year-round home. We have not regretted that decision. The house had been built as a year-round house, was well insulated, and had electric heat. We have been perfectly comfortable here and found it delightful in every way. Most easterners thought we would be cold for winter living here in the mountains but we have always been quite cosy. We have enjoyed watching the snow through our picture windows facing the golf course and have never been shut in more than a day or two at the time.

I believe that one of the contributing factors to a happy future in retirement is to have some interesting hobbies and plans. I will admit Mark seemed to miss being needed and used by people and he never turned down an invitation to preach, teach, or serve the community on civic projects. For a pastor of a large congregation of nearly two thousand members suddenly to stop and have no one takes a bit of adjustment. However, it was not long before Mark was hard at work of a physical nature as well as reading and getting his records in order. When he saw his Bishop he told him he would like for him to appoint an assistant for him, for he could not get all of his projects carried

out without help. One of our retired ministers put it well when he said, "Before I retired I did not have time to do all that I had to do, now I don't have time to do all that I don't have to do." Mark preached in a small valley church less than two weeks before his death at a homecoming. We had a sumptuous dinner on the grounds. For the first and last time we ate some bear meat which could have been mistaken for steak.

There was much landscaping to be done on our grounds. We built rock walls and made a patio with slate, and placed stepping stones. Mark did most of the rock placing and I helped mix the cement and sand. We became quite expert and the walls are as good now as when they were placed nine years ago. We rooted and planted boxwood, found rhododendren to plant in our wooded area where I wanted only wild flowers and plants. We got wild flowers from friends who had mountain property, bought some at nurseries, and my friends suspected I might have gotten some in less ethical ways. I do have a nice selection now and some that I consider fairly rare. I filled our woods with jonquils which bloom before the leaves appear on the trees. I did make an exception with the jonquils but they do not interfere with the wild flowers. In fact they grow wild in England. Some of the wild flowers that I especially like are: wild geranium, pink and yellow ladyslippers, Oconee bells, wild iris, four kinds of trillium, Turk's cap lily, about ten kinds of fern, blood root, Solomon's seal, wild ginger, and six kinds of violets. We planted borders of flowers along the walls and even tried a little vegetable garden. We picked blackberries and wild strawberries and made jelly and jam. We gathered apples in the fall and made cider. Making cider became a sort of tradition after Neill and Pearl came to live next door. Neill found parts to an old cider mill and had it reconstructed and added an electric motor. Each fall they invited us and friends to come with our apples to make cider and we made gallons of it. We saved our plastic milk

jugs and after letting the cider stand a day or two, we would freeze it. In fact, we bought a freezer in order to keep enough for a year.

We took long hikes in the woods. Once we went on an overnight hike to Mount LeConte, walking eight miles up the mountain and down another way five miles. We were far from roads and up very high, over 6,000 feet, and the feeling of peace and pleasure was indescribable. We entertained scores of friends and relatives and took them on parkway drives, to Cherokee, Gatlinburg, and to other places of beauty and interest. In the summertime we participated in the programs that the Assembly provided. We played golf several times a week and took walks around the lake which was a little over four miles. In winter we sat before our wood fire. Mark worked on his stamp collection and I did needlework of various kinds. We enjoyed our friends here at the lake. And the year after we retired, Neill, my brother, retired after thirty years in the Air Force and he and Pearl came to live next door to us. This was such a blessing to us and has worked out so well for me in so many ways. Now, since Neill's death, I hope I am being of some help to Pearl. Before our men died we played bridge many nights.

For us this place provided an ideal situation. Not only did it afford us beauty and comfort but we found here the most pleasing and compatible friends. There are many couples of similar background and with like goals in life to ours who are making this their home in retirement. We had many dinner parties together and good times of fellowship. It is a most supportive community. The friends here are not only fun to be with but are always on hand in times of need. When I lost Mark, they threw arms of love around me and gave me strength. Then when I found that I had cancer, again they were beside me to give me courage. I thank my God every day for this beautiful community of loving and caring friends.

At last we had time to do more travelling. Since our retirement we have had several trips to Florida during the winter months. One year we went to Mexico in the spring, going by car and driving throughout that fascinating country from east to west and to fabulous Mexico City. We couldn't seem to get enough of their delicious pineapples and lunched on them as we rode from place to place.

Another year, with the Leon Russells, we went, via San Francisco and a visit to Harold and Louise, to Hawaii, Japan, Taiwan, Hong Kong, New Territories, Thailand, Australia, New Zealand, the Fiji Islands, and then back home by way of Hawaii and Los Angeles. This was a marvellous trip in every way which would take a book to describe. On the trip we travelled on twenty-two planes, one of which flew breathtakingly close to two peaks on our way to view Mt. Cook. On this trip we saw an unusual sight, that of a cave of glow worms. I had heard the song about little glow worms but had never even thought if they were real. We went on boats through this cave and they flashed their lights off and on and there were virtually thousands of them. We enjoyed a visit to Rotorura where we saw native Maori dances. There are geysers here and I loved the feel of the water in the swimming pool at the hotel. All the warm water at the hotel came from the geysers. In Fiji we saw native dancers dance on hot beds of fire and apparently they were not burned. No one seems to have a proper explanation for this ability. It had something to do with their religion. We rode on fast trains in Japan and saw a clear view of Mt. Fuji many times. In the New Territories we stood at the border and looked into the hills at Red China. In Taiwan we marvelled at the treasures in the museum that had been brought from China when Chiang Kai-Shek brought his government there.

One year, the Trigg James and Mark and I went to the Scandinavian countries which was an unforgettable experience. It was exciting to go by steamer up a

fjord and see the hundreds of waterfalls along the way. We went by bus through Norway and into Sweden, and by ferry to Denmark. We were taken back to our childhood in the Hans Christian Andersen village. Copenhagen is a commanding city with all of its gold-domed steeples and towers. It was a bit rainy but walking arm in arm with Mark through the old city is indelibly imprinted upon my mind.

Perhaps the most pleasing trip that we ever made was to Alaska. There is so much unspoiled beauty there. The view of Mt. McKinley was awesome from twenty miles away and we saw it without cloud cover. In fact, we have had the good fortune to see Mt. Fuji in Japan, Mt. Cook in New Zealand, and Mt. McKinley in Alaska, all clearly without mist or cloud. One tour guide observed that the good luck must have been because of the preachers present. Why do some laymen seem to think ministers have any magical qualities or special privileges? We were happy to have the good views whatever the reason. I happen to think it was the right time of the year for clear atmospheric conditions. We returned from Alaska on "The Spirit of London", a British steamer, through Glacier Bay and back to Vancouver by the inland passage. The noise that comes with the birth of an iceberg is stupendous. We saw many seals in Glacier Bay. We stopped off at Sitka, the old capital of Alaska when owned by Russia. There are still Russian Orthodox churches there and many Indian totem poles and other relics. We saw hundreds of salmon spawning.

The Leon Russells, our good friends of over fifty years came to live at the lake the year after we did. They have been on many trips with us and their friendship has enriched and added greatly to our lives. I have called Leon blood kin since the day in 1940 his blood was transferred directly from his veins to mine to aid in saving my life. A beautiful happening in our lives has been the continuing friendship of six couples. All the men were divinity school

classmates of Mark's at Duke University and as they took on wives, they, too, became our friends. For two years immediately after graduation we had house parties and had fun, once at Hatteras, where Leon was serving, and once at Kure's Beach below Wilmington. Then the babies started arriving and life became complicated. The men got busy and some of them moved to other conferences and other states. Thirty-five years after our first house party at Hatteras the seven couples met again at Hatteras for a motel party. The men went on a deep sea fishing trip and had very good luck. That night a chef at one of the restaurants cooked some of the fish for our dinner. We had by now one bishop in the group, Aubrey Walton, head of the Louisiana Conference. All the others had served effectively and were leaders in their respective conferences. John and Mary Ellen Guice came from the Missouri Conference, Fletcher and Murphy Nelson, Frank and Frances Jordan, from the Western North Carolina Conference, and Leon and Alta Russell, Carlos and Jane Womack, and Mark and Velma Lawrence from the North Carolina Conference. Then again in 1972 we had another reunion at Lake Junaluska and all above were present. Three of the couples were living here at Lake Junaluska and the Russells, Jordans, and Lawrences entertained the others in our homes, meeting for meals in a selected place. We took a picnic supper to Mile High one day and watched the sun go down behind the majestic hills. We sang "Day Is Dying In The West". It was a truly worshipful experience and the beauty of it is permanent. This was a prophetic song for our close group, and was to be our last reunion, for our men began to leave us. First Frank Jordan, next Mark, afterward Carlos, shortly Aubrey, and two weeks prior to writing this page Leon followed. A friend of mine here at the lake said that when she went to heaven she was going to ask the Lord why He took all our men before He took the women. The memory of the friendship of these dear people lingers on and still blesses.

The Trigg James and the Leon Russells made such good travelling companions that we decided to take a trip into Greece in the late summer of 1975. Mark and I had been to Greece in 1955 when we went to the Holy Land but this time we took an Olympic plane for a short visit to Thessolonica and into the surrounding country within twenty miles of the Yugoslavian border. Here we followed with Paul some of his missionary journeys. We saw the ruins of the city where Alexander the Great was born. The travelling that I do is inspirational but it does emphasize to me how little I know of what there is to be learned. If one could travel when young then perhaps history and literature would have more meaning and interest to us as we grow older. Greece, more than any other place, stirs within me the desire to dig deeper into ancient history.

Our last foreign trip together was six weeks in the spring of 1976 to Spain. The Lloyd Bolts and Mrs. Francis Cunningham, Mary, were our companions on this trip. While there we went into the old country of Morocco and found it most interesting. I saw Gibraltar for the first time. We learned to ride buses and trains in Spain and were somewhat surprised at Spain's early culture -- to find that there were universities and libraries there when northern Europe was still inhabited by barbarians. The influence of the Moors stamped Spain permanently. It was rather a peculiar feeling to sleep in the old Moorish castle at the Alhambra where Ferdinand and Isabella had lived and where they were buried at the foot of the high altar in the old church. Their remains were later removed to the cathedral in Granada. The old castle had been renovated many times and used in various ways. It is now a parador and rooms provided for tourists. It was an eerie feeling after the gates were closed and the only sound was a rooster crowing in a nearby Gypsy camp. We had an efficiency apartment in Torremolimas and prepared our meals most of the time. We learned to hop a bus and go toward Malaga to a grocery store for our provisions.

One of our favorite foods was "flan". Most every country that we have visited has had a type of flan. In college I learned to prepare it, but we called it baked custard. It is good in any language. We were especially impressed with the old town of Ronda far back in the hills. There were remnants of roads and bridges as far back as Roman times. We loved the white-washed houses, the hanging lamps and baskets. We got lost in the maze of streets in Seville. We were overcome by the splendor of the great cathedral there. The city of Toledo was quaint in that the entire city is a national monument and no outward change is allowed there. The Prado has so many wonderful treasures. There were several times while we were in Spain that Mark had to forego certain activities that we had planned. In retrospect, I realize that his health was becoming more precarious. I'm glad I did not know it then.

XXV

Our lives were enhanced the second year of our retirement when my brother, Neill, and his wife, Pearl, and half of their six children came to live next door. Neill, now a colonel in the United States Air Force, was retiring after having served thirty years. It was great having my "baby" brother and his family so close. It was good to have some young life around, though as time went on they finished high school and college and left home. Mark's last wedding was that of one of the daughters, my namesake, "Little Velma" and Scott Atkins in the Methodist Church in Danville, Virginia. Another heartbreak with Neill's death in 1978.

In 1971 Mark performed the wedding ceremony for our beloved daughter, Dorothy, and Richard Donald Lichtwardt in the little stone chapel here at Lake Junaluska. It was a simple ceremony but very intimate and sweet. At that time Don was a Lt. Colonel in the United States Air Force but has now retired after twen-

ty-two years of service. He is at present Executive Director of the Federal Communications Commission and they live in Fairfax, Virginia. Dotty is librarian at Polk School in Alexandria. It is five hundred long miles from their door to mine - much too far.

I found the records of George Boger, the minister great-great-grandfather of Mark's to be quite interesting. That prompted me to compile some of Mark's records. All Methodist ministers are familiar with the little black book for daily records that is sent to them by the Methodist Publishing House each year. When Mark retired he started to enter the data from these forty or more little yearly record books in a book which summarized his years of ministry. I completed this after his death and though I know one's service cannot be measured in numbers, I find his record interesting and impressive. From 1928 to 1970 I find these figures: 1067 baptisms, 2507 members received into the church, 427 marriages, 590 funerals, 4026 sermons preached.

Mark was called upon by many in my family and in his to perform special rites for them and their children. They considered it a special blessing to have their babies baptized by Uncle Mark. He baptized the four daughters of William and Dorothy Patterson. They were Lois Graham, Ann Fuquay, Dorothy Jane, Carol Lynn. Due to the war, William and Dorothy had not been able to leave Hawaii in many years but saved their "little women" and Mark had the service in Asbury Church in Durham for all at the same time. For Neill and Pearl he baptized: Susan Marie, Nancy Jean, Neill Perry, Velma Pearl, Sonja Mae, Leon Walter. Some of these babies were baptized at their home when we visited and some of them when they came to visit in North Carolina. He also baptized Carol Lynn VanHole and Diane Marie VanHole, daughters of Susan and Stephen VanHole and granddaughters of Neill and Pearl. He baptized Thomas Wiley Parker, III, and his brother, William Patterson Parker, sons of Maisie and Thomas Wiley

Parker, Jr. The four children of Dorothy and Jack Edwards Thornton were baptized by him. They are Gail Patterson, Linda Jane, Robert Edwards, and Jack Edwards, Jr. He also baptized Kenneth Edwards Stanley, son of Michael and Gail Thornton Stanley and grandson of Dorothy and Jack Thornton.

Mark performed the marriage rites for the following: William Patterson and Dorothy Graham around 1938; Mary Belle Lawrence to Donald Bradshaw, and Sarah Boger Lawrence to David Lynn Michael, daughters of John Boger and Mary Lawrence; Rebecca June Patterson to Ray Stallings, daughter of Orus Fuquay and Verl Patterson; Gail Thornton to Michael Stanley, and Linda Jane Thornton to Lex Leo Boozer, daughters of Dorothy and Jack Thornton; Marquis Wicker Patterson and Janice Marie Oelrich, Mark's namesake, and son of O. F. Jr. and Sally Patterson; Velma Pearl Patterson to Scott Atkins, daughter of Neill and Pearl Patterson; Jeanne Mason to William Macon, and Nancy Mason to Preston B. Keith, these girls being Mark's cousins and William Macon his stepbrother; Jean Prior to Francis Ferebee, Jean being L. I. Prior's daughter and Isabel Prior's stepdaughter; Linda McCombs to Rick Dagenhart, and Cathy McCombs and her first husband, these girls being Mark's cousins.

Other baptisms were Larry C. Lawrence, III, and Larry C. Lawrence, IV. He also baptized the twin sons of Jean and Fran Ferebee and the grandsons of L. I. and Isabel Prior. All these special occasions meant a great deal to both Mark and me.

Sally Patterson told me that this booklet would not be complete unless I told the "rat" story. Before I knew Mark, he learned from a magician how to make a rat from a handkerchief. He folded the handkerchief in a certain way, rolled and turned it and a rat suddenly emerged. He would shape a head with little ears and twist the other end to form a tail. Then, while talking to the rat, he would make it run up his arm or jump toward a wide-eyed child. All

the children squealed with delight. I've seen him do this trick hundreds of times in homes where there were children. After the first visit, the precious children demanded a rat. Mark carried extra handkerchiefs with him just in case he encountered a child. When Mark was on the Goldsboro District, we were invited to a homecoming service and dinner on the grounds at Fair Bluff. He had served this church over twenty-five years before. One of the members who had been a member when we were there and her children were small, told us that now her children who were grown-up and moved away, still referred to Mark in a loving way as the "rat preacher."

XXVI

It has been a little more than a year since I started this writing. It has been a good year for me. I have had many visits with my family and treasure every memory of these times. Maisie and I had a perfect trip to England and Scotland in September. It was her first trip abroad and I thoroughly enjoyed seeing England again through her eyes. She and I renewed our interest in English history. We were disappointed not to get into the highlands of Scotland and dig up more family history. That means we will have to return for that. We plan to go to the Passion Play in Oberammergau, Germany, in August. Two years ago we enjoyed a three-week visit with Harold and Louise in Saratoga, California. They wined and dined us in regal manner. Maisie and I were close as little girls, though I was a bit jealous of her then, for she had brown eyes, brown curls, and was pretty. Now we have more in common with both having white hair. It was a privilege to live with her for six weeks at the beginning of last year and we decided that we could live together in harmony, and who knows, we may do that someday. And so I have just about completed a full circle in my life.

I still live in the little house where Mark and I came so happily in 1970. I am alone, but not really lonely. The memories of all the years that have passed keep me warm and reasonably happy. I stay busy, for I keep the house and the grounds and there is much social activity around the lake. If I find myself in danger of self pity I count my many blessings and feel grateful. Losing a mate means one has to reshape one's life and thinking. After all, half of you is gone and the wounds have to heal. New motives for living must be evaluated. This takes time and patience. A truth that I have gleaned is the importance of acceptance. In the course of one's life there will be joys, sorrows, disappointments, accidents, surprises. No one is spared. It is in the manner that we accept these experiences that either makes or breaks us. The well-known prayer is good to repeat, "God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can -- and the wisdom to know the difference." This I am trying to do.

Keats said, "Truth is beauty, beauty truth, that is all we know and all we need to know." The truth, as I see it, is that life works when we love God and obey Him. I can think of no other way to have life work effectively and happily. I have seen other ways tried and they end in disaster. Joshua had discovered this truth over 2000 years ago. He had brought the children of Israel through the wilderness, across the Jordan River and into the promised land. He was old now, 110 years of age, and wished to leave them some good advice. This advice is just as applicable today as it was so long ago, and I wish to leave it with you. These verses are Joshua 24, 13-16. "And I gave you land on which you had not labored, cities which you had never built; you have lived in those cities, and you eat the produce of vineyards and olive-groves which you did not plant. Hold the Lord in awe then, and worship him in loyalty and truth. Banish the gods whom your fathers worshipped beside the Euphrates

and in Egypt, and worship the Lord. But if it does not please you to worship the Lord, choose here and now whom you will worship; the gods whom your forefathers worshipped beside the Euphrates, or the gods of the Amorites in whose land you are living. But I and my family, we will worship the Lord."

There have been many names for Jesus. The one that has come to mean the most to me is "Immanuel" which means "God with us." He has been with us all the way and has promised to be with us to the end of the world. I truly have learned that if we acknowledge Him, He will direct our paths and I feel that He will continue to lead me into a path of usefulness. I hope I will continue to hear His voice.

And now, my beloved family, may the Good Lord bless and keep all of you both now and for evermore.



